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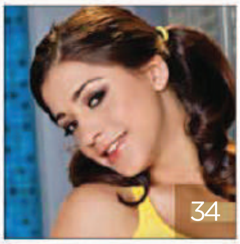

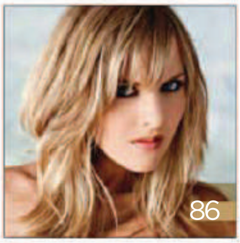

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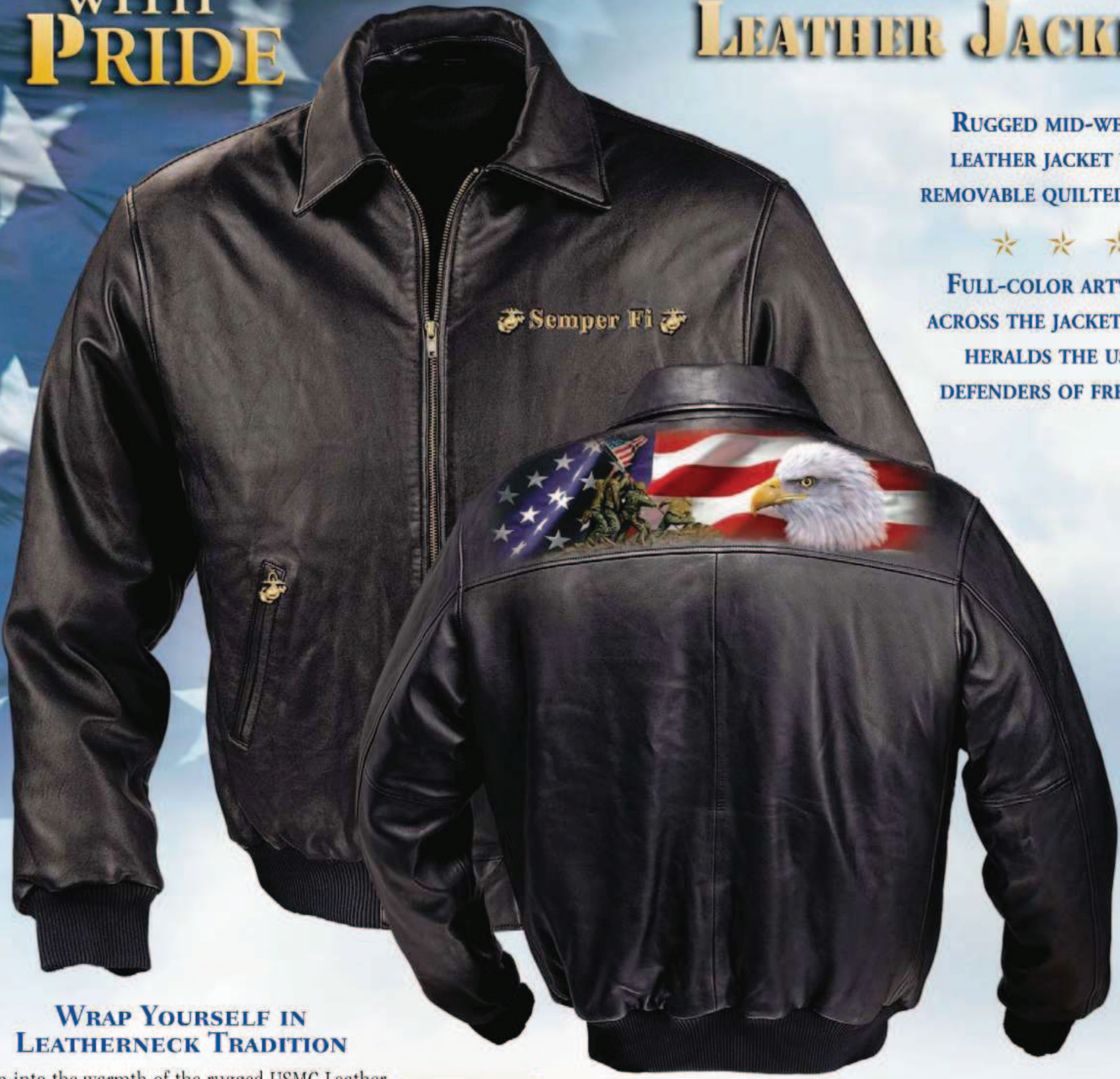

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Strictly Business

It was 5:30 on a Friday afternoon and everyone had left the office, except the new summer intern. She was still at her desk sifting through the afternoon mail. I'd been watching her since day one, admiring the way she moved in her business suits—the suits that looked as if she'd been poured into them. She always stayed late on Fridays, as did I. I lied to myself and said it was because she wanted to hook up with me, but I knew better. She was gorgeous and unbelievably sexy, but all business.

I was finishing up a report when she came into my office and struck up a conversation about a client and his lame attempt to hit on her. She said he wasn't her type and described the type of guy she goes for. Now, if I'd been paying attention to what she was saying and not staring at her fine rack, I'd have known that *I* was her type. By the time I realized she was really into me, she was close enough for me to smell her perfume.

She was behind my desk, and I was leaning back in my chair trying to look cool when she touched my arm and asked if I found her attractive. When I told her I thought she was beautiful, she eased into my lap and asked why I hadn't asked her out. There was no way I'd admit that I didn't think she'd look twice at me. Instead, I told her a partial truth—that I'd assumed someone as hot as she is must be sick of guys constantly coming on to her.

And she bought it. She said she preferred the quiet, serious type—like Clark Kent. Then she removed my glasses and kissed me while her eager hands moved all over my chest. I tried to open her blouse but only succeeded in popping the buttons. I was no more successful in unfastening her bra, but I solved that by pulling down the cups so her magnificent breasts perched right on top. I thought I could have gone on kissing her for days, but one look at her incredibly erect nipples and I had to have them in my mouth. I sucked and licked and tugged as she struggled to straddle my lap. I heard a loud rip and a not-so-subtle curse, and said a silent thank-you for hot, horny interns.

While I paid homage to each blooming breast, she opened my belt and worked my zipper down to free my cock. I'd never been so hard and so ready to fuck, and while she started giving me a handjob, I tried to calculate how quickly I could get the rest of her clothes off. But I needn't have worried. When she pulled up her ripped skirt, I saw she had on thigh-highs—one less barrier between my raging hard-on and what had to be the sweetest pussy on the 27th floor. Then I noticed the wet spot on my slacks and realized she'd gone commando.

I looked up at her and she said, "You don't know how long I've wanted to do this. Every Friday night I've let you know when I was leaving—that I was going to stop in the ladies' room first, hoping you'd get the hint and follow me in." Then she held my cock and slowly lowered her tight cunt onto it, making me groan with pleasure. God, I wanted to fuck her so hard and so fast, but I wasn't sure if that was what she wanted. If this was just a game to her I might not ever get another chance, so I had to get it right.

Just when I thought I might be overthinking the situation, she said, "You're too nice, so I'm going to take the lead. You might be tempted to go slow and make it last, but that's not what I want right now. I want you to fuck me hard. I want it to be fierce. I want both of us to come like there's no tomorrow. Then you can take me home and we can start all over again."

I gave her what she wanted, but I got what I wanted, too. I grabbed her hips and thrust into her as hard and as fast as I could. And after she'd had at least three screaming orgasms, I bent her over my desk and ate her out until her legs turned to jelly. Then I fucked her from behind till we both nearly

I gave her what she wanted. I grabbed her hips and thrust into her as hard and as fast as I could.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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AS "NAKED ASIAN"

collapsed from exhaustion.

When we were able to stand up and straighten our clothes, she found my glasses and placed them back on my face. Then she told me to grab my jacket because we still had some business to take care of. It took just about the entire weekend for us to finish, but it was well worth it.—*K.L., New York*

■ GIRL GAMES

When Mia and I met at the fitness center, we became fast friends—mostly because our husbands are in the Army Reserve and were serving overseas. We're both young and have no children yet, so it felt nice to have each other's company.

Every time Mia and I got together for dinner or drinks, our conversation turned to how much we missed our husbands and how horny we were. Our vibrators were the only things keeping us from jumping off a bridge, but we both agreed that, although they're convenient, the ever-ready toys could not provide the intimacy that we missed and needed.

One Friday, Mia invited me over for a chick-flick marathon. We met for dinner at a Thai restaurant, then headed back to her place. After we changed our clothes and got comfortable, Mia lit a fire in the fireplace and mixed up a pitcher of Mojitos.

As we sat on the sofa sipping our drinks and chatting through the movies, I began to sense—and even hope—that the way Mia looked at me, and touched me to emphasize one point or another, meant something I'd never done before was about to happen. I wasn't surprised when Mia told me I was her best friend and that she felt she could tell me anything. I actually welcomed it when Mia kissed me. The moment my lips touched hers, I knew there would be no turning back.

We pulled off our clothes and embraced, kissing passionately, our hard nipples rubbing against each other's. While Mia's tongue explored every inch of my mouth, her hands were on a discovery tour of their own. I moaned against Mia's lips as her fingers caressed my clit, then cried out, arching my back, when she thrust those fingers inside my wet pussy and finger-fucked me.

"*Ooh*—right there, Mia! Right there!" I cried when her fingers hit my sweet spot. I could remember only two occasions when I had orgasmed by way of my G spot—once while riding my husband's cock and the other while finger-fucking myself. They had been the most intense and pleasurable orgasms I'd ever had. Mia knew exactly what she was doing and kept moving her fingers slowly in a "come to me" gesture as I rapidly reached that same feeling of sexual bliss.

"I'm coming, Mia!" I screamed, releasing my juices onto her hand.

It was incredible climaxing from someone else's touch, but Mia wasn't finished pleasuring me. Before I had a chance to catch my breath, she pushed me back, kissed her way down between my legs, and started licking and sucking my cunt.

"That's it, Mia. Suck me off!" I cried as I held her head tightly to me. She mercilessly laid into me, alternating between stroking my clit with her tongue and nipping it gently with her teeth. Nothing against my husband, but he couldn't have done a better job eating me out than Mia was doing. Maybe it was the added excitement of never having been with a woman before, but I couldn't remember ever having back-to-back orgasms like that.

The incredible pleasure of Mia's clit grinding against mine sent me over the edge again.

I was feeling good—really adventurous—when it occurred to me that I might never get another chance at this. Forging ahead, I told Mia to get on her hands and knees, knelt behind her, and rimmed the tight entrance to her ass before slipping my tongue into her pussy for my first tangy taste of another woman. It was exciting and delicious and only made me want more. I turned Mia onto her back and lay between her legs, concentrating solely on her cunt, devouring her copious juices until she came in a body-wracking orgasm.

We headed to the bedroom, where Mia lay atop me, and as we kissed and held each other passionately, we ground our mounds together. It didn't take long for the incredible pleasure of Mia's clit grinding against mine to send me over the edge again.

But Mia still had one more trick for me. She reached into her nightstand and pulled out a nicely ridged dildo. I couldn't wait to get up on all fours so she could do me doggie-style. And afterward, I returned the favor, fucking her with the big fat strap-on she kept in the same drawer.

Since that amazing night, Mia's husband has returned home, but that hasn't stopped our girls' night games—we just have them at my place instead.—*K.G., Minnesota*

More letters on page 132

Love Never Ends

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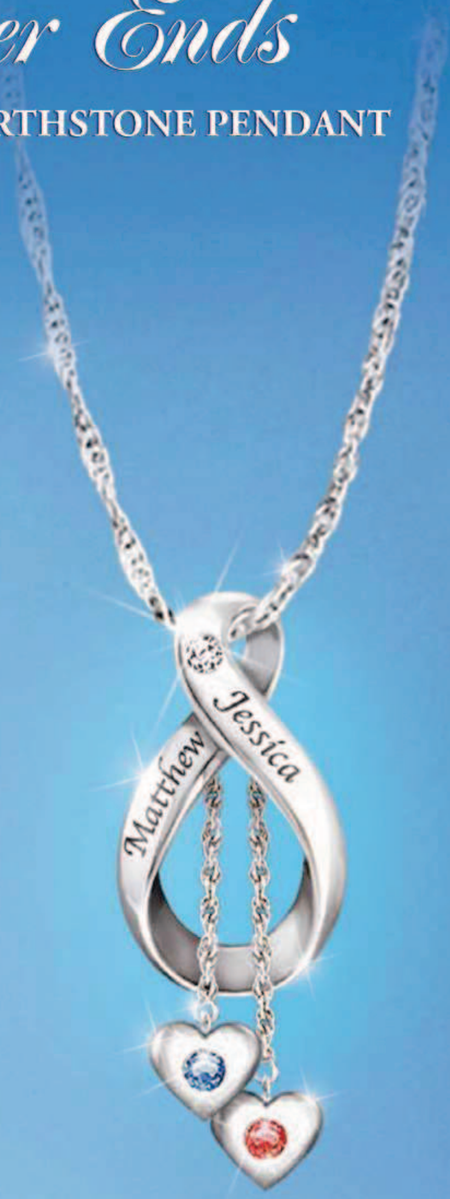

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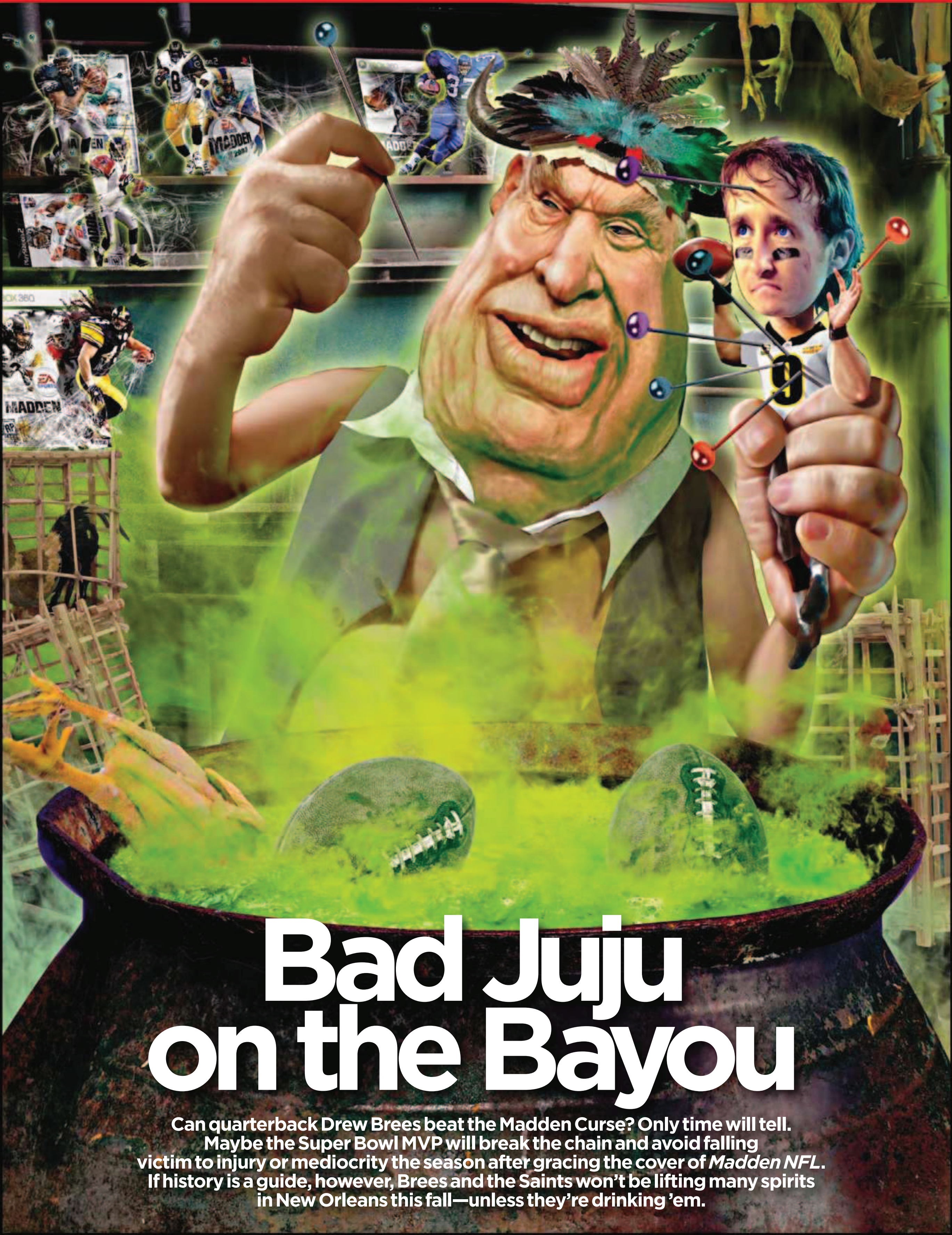
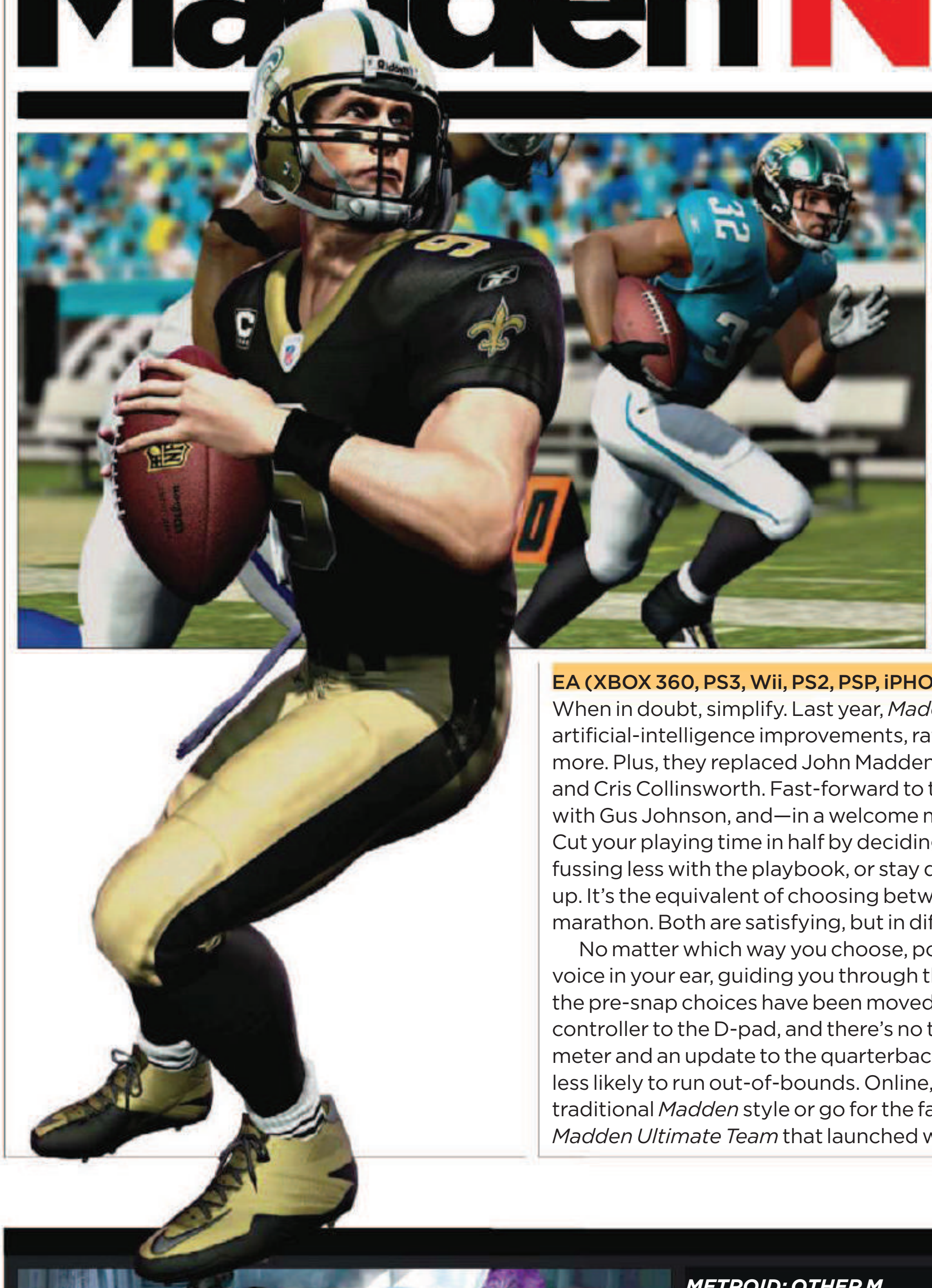


Bad Juju on the Bayou

Can quarterback Drew Brees beat the Madden Curse? Only time will tell. Maybe the Super Bowl MVP will break the chain and avoid falling victim to injury or mediocrity the season after gracing the cover of *Madden NFL*. If history is a guide, however, Brees and the Saints won't be lifting many spirits in New Orleans this fall—unless they're drinking 'em.

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES

Madden NFL 11



EA (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PS2, PSP, iPHONE)

When in doubt, simplify. Last year, *Madden* was packed with new animations, artificial-intelligence improvements, rating overhauls, flashy presentations, and more. Plus, they replaced John Madden as commentator with Tom Hammond and Cris Collinsworth. Fast-forward to this year. Hammond has been replaced with Gus Johnson, and—in a welcome move—game players now have a choice: Cut your playing time in half by deciding on a game plan ahead of time and fussing less with the playbook, or stay deep and decide each play as it comes up. It's the equivalent of choosing between a quickie and a three-hour sex marathon. Both are satisfying, but in different ways.

No matter which way you choose, pop on your headset to get the coach's voice in your ear, guiding you through the plays. In terms of game mechanics, the pre-snap choices have been moved from the L1/R1/bumpers on the controller to the D-pad, and there's no turbo button. There is a new kicking meter and an update to the quarterback-ranking system, and players are less likely to run out-of-bounds. Online, you can play three against three in traditional *Madden* style or go for the fantasy football–meets–card game *Madden Ultimate Team* that launched with *Madden NFL 10*.

METROID: OTHER M

NINTENDO (Wii)

You'd think Samus Aran would have exterminated all the nasty creatures in her universe by now. Instead, Nintendo returns with a title that delves deep into the lovely hero's story.

Rocks: The new 2-D/3-D approach has lots of side scrolling that pays homage to the original *Metroid* titles and their focus on platforming. This is ideal for those nostalgic for *Super Metroid*, as the plot picks up where that title ended. You have the ability to switch between first- and third-person perspective.

Flops: The first-person mode doesn't allow you to move; you can only look around and shoot. The fixed camera and lack of precision targeting in third-person mode result in a too-casual feel.

BY REBECCA SWANNER

DEAD RISING 2
CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The idea that humans have survived in zombie-infested Fortune City for five years would be inconceivable in anything but a videogame. Since this is a game, you're back to smashing in the heads of as many of the undead as you're willing to get close to. By the way, your character's daughter is infected with the zombie virus and you've got 72 hours until something really bad happens. Bummer, dude.

Rocks: You can play through the entire game solo or in online co-op; considering there can be nearly 6,000 zombies on-screen at once (just a few more than the original 800), you'll be grateful for the help. The wacky costumes you can wear (Elvis, Groucho Marx, and many others) lighten any serious situation. You can build your own weapons out of found materials, and carry six items at once; look for ones that can be used together—such as a baseball bat and a box of nails—to create better tools.

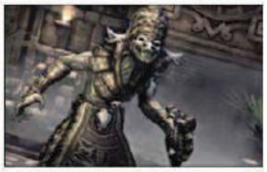
Flops: The co-op mode is only online.

KANE & LYNCH 2: DOG DAYS
EIDOS/SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The unhinged Kane and Lynch are back, this time in Shanghai after a botched mission.

Rocks: A gritty visual style reminiscent of *Cloverfield* and *The Blair Witch Project* gives the game a cinematic feel. You play as psychopathic schizophrenic Lynch this time, who in the past has killed hostages and other innocent civilians. The multiplayer modes have been expanded and deepened: Fragile Alliance is back, and allows you to steal money with the help of your team, then turn against them and take off with the loot; if you play Undercover Cop mode, you have to stop the other players from escaping, which could be much tougher. Game mechanics have been significantly improved since the original; the most welcome change for us is that the ineffective automatic-cover system has been replaced by the ability to go into cover with the push of a button.

Flops: As of press time, little has been shown of the single-player campaign, which could mean it sucks and the developers know it.



LARA CROFT AND THE GUARDIAN OF LIGHT
SQUARE ENIX (XBOX LIVE, PLAYSTATION NETWORK, PC)

This isn't your typical Lara Croft game, as the action is seen from bird's-eye view and you've got the help of the Mayan tribesman Totec. Still, despite the drop of "Tomb Raider" from the title, you'll be exploring underground locales as you pursue the demon Xoxolt so you can retrieve the Mirror of Smoke and restore balance to the world.

Rocks: Lara's grappling hook, dual pistols with infinite ammo, and tiny outfit are back, and the new character comes with spears and a shield. The pair can use their weapons to help each other—the grappling hook can attach to Totec for Lara to use as a tightrope; Lara can jump on his spears or shield for extra leverage—and Lara can use Totec to solve puzzles. The co-op mode is drop-in/drop-out with the computer taking over when there isn't a second player, but when you choose single-player mode, Lara can use Totec's weapons on her own. Although it's a downloadable title, the developers claim it offers a decent six to eight hours of gameplay. There's a proper *Tomb Raider* in the works.

Flops: It's a weak story and there are no gratuitous body shots of Lara. While there's a good amount of platforming and puzzle-solving, the focus is on scoring lots of points. The puzzles have been simplified significantly, though there are "reward tombs" that offer a slightly greater challenge (and more points).

MAFIA II
2K (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Eight years ago, *Mafia* was extremely well-received by critics, but it didn't sell all that well; if you missed it, you're not alone. Now, with the help of the original development team, it's been brought into the next generation. This is the first Mafia-themed title we've actually looked forward to in years.

Rocks: The plot is essentially the same as most other mob games—join a crime family and work your way up through the ranks—but the missions, world, and gameplay feel infinitely more polished. It's a sandbox-style third-person shooter like *Grand Theft Auto* that is set in a world known as Empire Bay between 1945 and 1955, and the game stays true to the era; it's populated with period cars, music, and weapons, such as a Colt 1911 and a pump-action shotgun.

Flops: This isn't the only title with an old-school feel coming this fall. *L.A. Noire* from Rockstar Games is hot on its tail. And while its stylistic atmosphere is what makes *Mafia II* look good, *L.A. Noire* looks *really* good.

Border Line

Robert Rodriguez's over-the-top Mexploitation flick, *Machete,* is sure to outrage all parties with its take on immigration law.

Machete
Danny Trejo, Robert De Niro, Jessica Alba, Lindsay Lohan, Cheech Marin, Michelle Rodriguez, Don Johnson, Steven Seagal

"They just fucked with the wrong Mexican!" growls the narrator in "Machete," the action-packed fake trailer leading off the 2007 Quentin Tarantino–Robert Rodriguez flick, *Grindhouse*—and can we please now admit that this two-minute segment was the best thing in the whole movie?

Robert Rodriguez is no idiot. He heard the cheers for that "trailer," and now he's made it into a full-length feature starring ultimate badass Trejo. We have no doubt it will exceed the laugh-out-loud lunacy of that 2007 segment. (An updated trailer, released near the time of the Arizona immigration-law flare-up, nearly broke the internet.) The inspiration here is the subgenre of crummy low-budget exploitation pictures that used to keep Chuck Norris in headbands. Trejo's strapping former

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

> ***Machete* features a bevy of beauties: Alba, Rose McGowan, Rodriguez, and—most enjoyably—Lohan in a nun's habit. Perfect.**

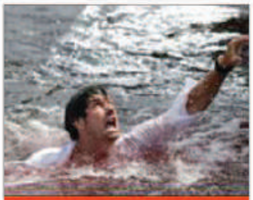
Federale, desperate for cash, is framed for a botched political assassination and goes on a violent rampage. The film may be an homage to trashy B movies of yore, but the cast is A-list all the way, including De Niro as the backstabbing senatorial bad guy and a bevy of beauties sure to grab audience attention should it wander: Alba, Rose McGowan, Rodriguez, and—most enjoyably—Lohan in a nun's habit. Perfect.

Scott Pilgrim vs. the World
Michael Cera, Mary Elizabeth Winstead, Kieran Culkin

Getting tired of sensitive wussyman Cera? Us too. But this just might be the comedy that redeems him in the eyes of the nonwhipped. Cera's title character, a wannabe Toronto rocker, is desperately pursuing a girl named Ramona (*Final Destination 3*'s hottie Winstead). But to win her heart, he has to go mano a mano with Ramona's last seven exes in brutal tests of fighting prowess and mental savvy. Naturally, the idea comes from a comic book; *Shaun of the Dead* director Edgar Wright is almost guaranteed to deliver hyperactive hilarity.

The Expendables
Sylvester Stallone, Dolph Lundgren, Jet Li, Mickey Rourke, Bruce Willis

Sprung from an eighties teen's Survivor-scored fantasy, this men-on-a-mission action movie stars—we kid you not—all of the above, along with *Ahnold* himself. That's right, the sitting governor of the state of California will appear in a Sly Stallone flick this summer. Hell and yes. Initial reports describe a vibe similar to *Inglourious Basterds,* but with less witty repartee and more leaping in front of fireballs. No word yet on whether the MPAA conducted on-set testing for PEDs, but we're guessing no. That might have eliminated half the cast.



Piranha 3-D
Elisabeth Shue, Adam Scott, Christopher Lloyd, Richard Dreyfuss, Ving Rhames

These days, we're supposed to *ooh* and *aah* at the artfulness of 3-D, especially post-*Avatar.* But give us a snaggletoothed lake monster leaping out of the screen and at our throats and we'll be equally happy. The summer's last gasp of dumb could very well be its most ridiculously enjoyable, directed by French horror expert Alexandre Aja (*The Hills Have Eyes*) and filled to the gills with bikini-clad fish bait. Commandeering the rescue mission is former A-lister Shue, aided and abetted by Lloyd (apparently reprising his Dr. Emmett Brown role from *Back to the Future*). *Jaws* oceanographer Dreyfuss has a cameo. We'll take the bait.

Resident Evil: Afterlife
Milla Jovovich, Ali Larter

Why does Hollywood continue to make *Resident Evil* movies? Who troubles themselves with such questions when confronted yet again with the leggy wonderfulness of a pants-challenged Jovovich? Not us, certainly. Rumor has it that Jovovich's character, Alice, an apocalypse survivor, is cloned several times for this 3-D sequel—again, we have no problem with this. Also returning for more zombie splatteration is *Obsessed*'s Larter. You really don't need to have seen previous installments. Just know that in the future, former runway models stride the plague-ridden planet armed with killer scowls and a small battalion's worth of weaponry.

Get Schooled

What better way to ring in the school year than with these delectable teachers and students? And all you need for this cram session is a Netflix account.

By Melissa Anderson

Tina Fey

Olivia Williams

Michelle Pfeiffer

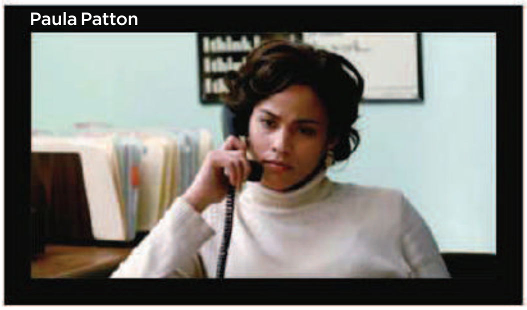
HOT FOR TEACHER

Tina Fey, *Mean Girls*
The sexy-nerd allure of the *30 Rock* creator/star and former *Saturday Night Live* head writer is at its peak in this 2004 comedy about adolescent alpha she-devils. As a math teacher at North Shore High, the bespectacled, self-deprecating funny woman can make even calculus seem, yes, hot, coaching a bunch of misfit mathletes (including Lindsay Lohan) to victory.

Olivia Williams, *Rushmore*
Wes Anderson's 1998 breakthrough film features this first-grade teacher who's so crush-worthy that she must fight off two suitors: a 15-year-old student (Jason Schwartzman) at the prep school where she works and a middle-aged multimillionaire (Bill Murray). The British beauty eventually chooses the more age-appropriate guy, but the smitten teen does not give up easily.

Michelle Pfeiffer, *Dangerous Minds*
Foxy Pfeiffer's retired marine finds that teaching poetry to inner-city California teens is a lot tougher than grunt training. The kids tauntingly call her "White Bread," but she's not easily defeated, using candy and trips to theme parks to get her charges to read Dylan Thomas. Once she gets the students on her side, however, she has to fight the by-the-book school administration.

Paula Patton



Julia Roberts

Phoebe Cates

Carey Mulligan

Reese Witherspoon

Paula Patton, *Precious*
It's easy to fall in love with Patton's character, the one source of hope in the horrific life of Claireece "Precious" Jones (Gabourey Sidibe) in this 2009 Oscar-winning adaptation of Sapphire's novel, *Push.* In late-eighties Harlem, the literacy teacher helps the 16-year-old Precious learn to read and write. Ms. Rain and her girlfriend eventually shelter the obese, abused teenager, who's surprised to learn that the woman teaching her the ABC's is a "straight-up lesbian."

Julia Roberts, *Mona Lisa Smile*
In this 2003 flick, set during the conservative Eisenhower era, Roberts struggles to expand the minds of her prim art-history students (who include Kirsten Dunst, Julia Stiles, Maggie Gyllenhaal, and Ginnifer Goodwin) at a snooty women's college. Her lesson plan: Expose the upstanding young ladies to some risqué paintings and teach them that marriage and baby-making aren't the only way. Off-campus, the prof has extracurricular romps with the smoothie Italian teacher (Dominic West).

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

■ SCHOOLGIRL CRUSHES

Phoebe Cates, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*
This 1982 teen classic boasts one of cinema's most outwardly sexually assured teens, Cates's Linda, who helpfully passes along doing-it tips to experimenting sophomore Stacy (Jennifer Jason Leigh), including a blowjob demonstration in the high school cafeteria. The sultry brunette also unknowingly assists Stacy's older brother, Brad (Judge Reinhold), by fueling his jerk-off fantasies. After you get an eyeful of Linda in a red bikini, wanking seems the only natural response—and, happily, you get to watch Cates climb out of the pool dripping wet and strip off her top in Brad's fantasy.

Winona Ryder, *Heathers*
In the blackest of teen comedies, from 1988, Ryder breaks ranks with the bitches in the most powerful clique at Westerberg High. Aided by a psycho newcomer (Christian Slater), the sexy brainiac sets out to give the popular assholes their comeuppance. Some die by drain cleaner, others by bullets, until Ryder comes to her senses and Slater nearly obliterates the school.

Reese Witherspoon, *Legally Blonde*
SoCal ding-dong Elle Woods, a highlight of 2001 indelibly played by Witherspoon, sports her finest hot-pink wardrobe as she follows her ex-boyfriend to Harvard Law School in an attempt to prove that she can cultivate a life of the mind, too. Her snobby Ivy League classmates try to humiliate her, but when Elle helps win a big case based on her impeccable gaydar and killer cross-examination skills, she proves she's the ultimate smart dumb blonde.

Katie Holmes, *Wonder Boys*
After the high-school high jinks of *The Ice Storm* and *Dawson's Creek,* Holmes graduated to college in this 2000 adaptation of Michael Chabon's Pittsburgh-set 1995 novel. Holmes plays a talented writing student who would like *much* more than lessons on crafting fiction from the professor (Michael Douglas) in whose spacious house she's renting a room. Though the middle-aged novelist never gives her the one-on-one tutorial she craves, that's not due to a lack of effort on her part.

Carey Mulligan, *An Education*
In 2009, up-and-coming British actress Mulligan starred as a 16-year-old, dimpled, goody-goody schoolgirl in early-sixties London who decides to supplement Latin lessons with some carnal knowledge. She finds an all-too-willing instructor in a playboy (Peter Sarsgaard) more than twice her age. The initial results are a little disappointing—"All that poetry and all those songs about something that lasts no time at all," she tells a friend—but our heroine definitely learns there's more to life than getting into Oxford.

Katie Holmes

Winona Ryder

VENGEANCE
UNIVERSITY
EST. 6661

Uneasy Dreams

On their fifth album, *Nightmare*, Avenged Sevenfold is more musically restless than ever before.

AVENGED SEVENFOLD
NIGHTMARE

AVENGED SEVENFOLD
Nightmare
Warner Bros.
★★★

California screamers Avenged Sevenfold are anything but boring: Using their metalcore roots as a launching pad, the group pierced boundaries on their 2007 self-titled release like lead yowler M. Shadows pierces body parts. *Nightmare,* the band's fifth album, was written before but recorded after the passing of drummer James "the Rev" Sullivan last year (in a nice touch, Sullivan's hero, Dream Theater's Mike Portnoy, replaces him), and his absence seems to have pushed the band even further past their familiar *chugga-chug* riffage and into strings, proggy breakdowns, and even a straight-up country ballad ("So Far Away"). The nearly 11-minute closer, "Save Me," melodramatically moshes across genres before ending with a typically twisted tribute: "Tonight," Shadows croons, "we all die alone."

BY ANDY GREENWALD

LOS LOBOS
TIN CAN TRUST

LOS LOBOS
Tin Can Trust
Shout Factory
★★★

Plenty of things can get old after 30 years: marriages, professional tennis players, European land wars. And yet Los Lobos—America's most successful Chicano rock band—sound fresher than ever on their 13th record. *Tin Can Trust* finds the East Angelenos revisiting the strum-heavy urban folk that broke them big on 1984's *How Will the Wolf Survive?,* while still occasionally getting jammier than the Smuckers factory ("Jupiter or the Moon," a cover of the Grateful Dead's "West L.A. Fadeaway"). Best of all are the detours into Colombian *cumbia* ("Yo Canto") and Mexican *norteño* ("Mujer Ingrata")—effortlessly soulful sonic tourism with the best guides in the biz.

SUPERCHUNK
MAJESTY SHREDDING

SUPERCHUNK
Majesty Shredding
Merge
★★★★

One of the most fiercely beloved indie bands of the nineties, North Carolina's Superchunk never really broke up—they just faded away, seemingly content to run their influential label, Merge (home to Arcade Fire and Spoon), and watch their trademark poppy punk get watered down by a generation of emo also-rans. But don't call this, their first album in nine years, a comeback: It's breathless and exhilarating, and it immediately takes its place among the group's best. On dizzy gems like "Slow Drip," helium-voiced leader Mac McCaughan—no longer a twenty-something; not even close, in fact—sounds ready to pogo for another decade. Or until he requires a knee replacement, whichever comes first.

DISTURBED
ASYLUM

DISTURBED
Asylum
Reprise
★★

Nü-metal refugees Disturbed spend an awful lot of their fifth LP trying to establish just how olde-metal they really are, tackling both hesher-friendly riffs and current events with all the subtlety of a head-butt from large-skulled singer David Draiman. Where "The Warrior" and "Never Again" are acceptably aggro, the band oversteps with the clumsy climate-change warning "Another Way to Die" ("We ravage the world that we love / and the millions cry out to be saved!") and the weirdly sci-fi "The Animal," on which Draiman growls like a mountain lion. Still, he doesn't shy away from the tough questions: "What is innocent and who is innocent?" he ponders on, um, "Innocence." Tell us, Dave!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (AVENGED SEVENFOLD) CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE, (LOS LOBOS) DREW REYNOLDS, (SUPERCHUNK) JASON ARTHURS

Get Lost

Four months after the final episode aired, we're still trying to decide if *Lost* was more than a six-year mind fuck.

By Kara Wahlgren

Lost: The Complete Collection

We've gotten over the "wait, they're all what?" shock from the *Lost* finale, but we're still trying to decide whether the series was an epic interpretation of spirituality and the afterlife, a six-year mind fuck, or a mashup of conflicting ideas that was capped off with a screw-you by the writers. This DVD compilation of all 121 episodes of the time-warping drama will not, unfortunately, increase the odds of definitively answering that question, but rabid fans can fill the void that's been left in their lives. The series continued to unanswer some of the most pressing mysteries: the meaning of the numbers, the logistics of relocating an island, the origin of Hurley's nickname. (Really, how does "Hugo Reyes" become "Hurley"? Our guess is, it was inspired by the Technicolor yawn that resulted from doing a shot every time Sawyer said "Son of a *bitch*!") But this set includes all the bonus features from previous releases, a disc of new material, a Senet game and other collectibles, and kickass packaging. And if the rumored Hurley-and-Ben epilogue is there, we may even waste a few days confusing ourselves all over again.

Flight of the Conchords: The Complete Collection

Plenty of people missed this HBO series about the Fourth Most Popular Folk Parody Duo while it was airing, but it's well worth catching up with. Sure, it's a comedy, and there are musical numbers, but it's nothing like *Glee*—although it is fun to imagine the mayhem Jane Lynch could wreak. *Flight of the Conchords* is a low-key tale of two musicians from New Zealand trying to hit the big time in the Big Apple, their incompetent manager, and their No. 1 fan/stalker—and it's funny, goofy, and highly amusing. *The Complete Collection* has all 22 episodes, the bonus material from the season-two set, plus *One Night Stand,* a live half-hour special.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

Sons of Anarchy: Season Two

The badass bikers who keep the fictional town of Charming, well, not what most folks would call "charming" but relatively under control, had a lot to deal with in the second season of this gritty drama: white supremacists (Adam Arkin and Henry Rollins), competitors for their porn business, IRA gunrunners, the feds, even a kidnapped baby. Check out all 13 episodes before season three premieres—and don't miss the new episodes; guest stars reportedly will include Hal Holbrook and Stephen King. Yes, that Stephen King. The season-two set includes deleted scenes, three featurettes, and a music video.—*B.R.T.*

HIGH-DEF UPDATE

Evil Dead arrives on Blu-ray, and while we're not sure how the low-budget effects will translate into high-definition, the movie did get a new HD transfer that was approved by director Sam Raimi, and a Dolby 5.1 audio track. It will also include the bonus features from previous releases and a new commentary track by Raimi, producer Rob Tapert, and star Bruce Campbell. We can't imagine what they could have to say about the film that they haven't said before, but they're always an entertaining trio.

Blood Simple, the fantastic film-noir debut from Joel and Ethan Coen, hits Blu-ray in a combo pack that includes the standard-def disc (kind of serendipitously with *Evil Dead,* which Joel Coen coedited with Sam Raimi). It's another low-budget flick, but it's also a must-see, and a critical high point of the independent film scene, particularly of the 1980s.—*B.R.T.*

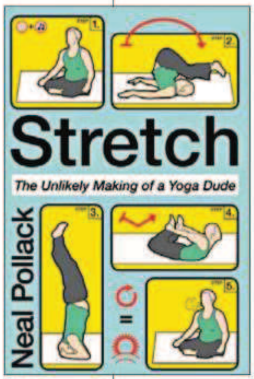
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*LOST*) ABC/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS*) NICOLE RIVELLI/HBO/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*EVIL DEAD*) MARY EVANS/RONALD GRANT/EVERETT COLLECTION

READS

BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

Stretch: The Unlikely Making of a Yoga Dude
By Neal Pollack
Harper Perennial

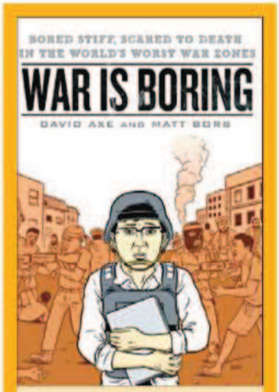
Neal Pollack made a name for himself as a brash, occasionally annoying hipster writer, hanging with the likes of Dave Eggers and wreaking havoc on book tours. As he approached middle age (and *The New York Times* called him "doughy"), he found yoga. Or maybe yoga found him. Either way, *Stretch* covers his journey from barely being able to do downward dog to becoming practically addicted to the exercise and the lifestyle, traveling the world in search of enlightenment. He offers a peek into the wide world of yoga, skewering its self-righteous politics while celebrating its keen sense of community. Pollack humorously covers both the physical aspects of yoga and the Zenlike mind-set, whether confronting a bad back that leaves him immobile on a hospital floor or stepping in dog poo.



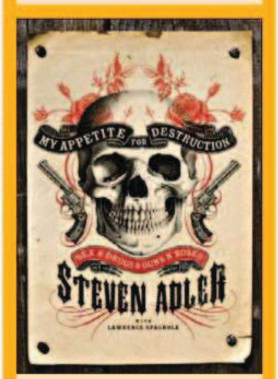
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF DAKOTA SMITH

YOGA DADDY

Adventures in Yogaland from a former skeptic and eventual convert.



"I need a war. Any war will do," author Axe says to an editor boss midway through this illustrated memoir from NAL Trade. The book portrays the ravages of war in Chad, Iraq, Lebanon, East Timor, Afghanistan, and Somalia, while also probing Axe's need to be near the mayhem. There's no single story, but rather snapshots of the horrors of combat, and encounters with those most affected. There's dark humor, too, but the overall effect is sobering, harrowing, and poignant.



Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll are all well represented in Guns N' Roses' drummer Adler's memoir, along with almost every detail of life on tour. This is great for the die-hard GNR fan, but others may find it a bit too detailed. The "destruction" part—Adler's struggle with drugs—saves it for the non-diehards. Adler writes that if he can "keep one rock 'n' roller away from hard drugs," he'll count his book, from It Books, a success. This is a cautionary tale, all the way.

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"M" STANDS FOR MUTANT

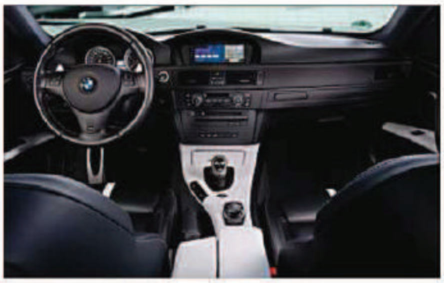
BMW transforms a sedan from refined to rabid with one simple letter.

By Bill Heald

There's something we need to get out of the way from the get-go: The BMW 3 Series is a fine automobile. When driven in sedan form especially (there are a coupe and a convertible as well), it is a solid, sharp-handling, balanced midsize sport machine that is incredibly polished and loaded up the wazoo with technology. It's no slug by any measure, and definitely the kind of ride you'd want to use to escort yourself and several of your chums to events in smart society.

But, no matter how cool the 3 Series is, if you manage to get your hands on one with an "M" in the title, *hoo boy.*

From a very basic standpoint, when you stuff a 414-horsepower V-8 in the engine compartment of a lightweight sedan, you expect a performance boost. What happens in the M3's case is something far wilder and more potent, almost as if this car had, anaconda-like, swallowed a Dodge Viper.



The V-8 itself is only four liters in size, and actually weighs less than the previous M3 generation's six-cylinder engine. But big power erupts from this compact package, thanks to an absurd amount of übercomplex engineering, including ion-current technology to fine-tune combustion and, as BMW puts it, "a separate throttle butterfly for each cylinder—eight in this instance—a feature adapted from BMW M's racing heritage that provides immediate reaction to the gas pedal at all times."

Oh, the gas pedal reacts, that's for sure. When you bypass the standard six-speed manual transmission and opt for the automatic M Double Clutch Transmission with Drivelogic, the power gets to the rear wheels with neck-snapping urgency. This gearbox has seven speeds, 11 different shift programs (five for the automatic and six for the manual mode), and works with the crispness of a Formula 1–style sequential transmission. It's a really wild experience to let all the ponies loose, especially from a standing start, as the transmission is able to handle a huge stomp on the throttle almost instantaneously. I've never been shot out of a cannon, but thanks to this monster I feel I have experienced something very similar.

I've mentioned all the programs you can select for the transmission, but the engine itself has a power button that lets you select Normal, Sport, or Sportplus throttle-response settings. The adjustable Dynamic Stability Control governs the car's desire to slide under power by altering engine, braking, and God-knows-what-other algorithms to keep you in charge. This system even manages to help dry the brakes when they get wet, maintaining their potency. When completely dry, these huge ABS stoppers repeatedly hauled us down from

60 mph in just over 100 feet, which is outstanding (and quite welcome from a hide-preserving standpoint).

The suspension is taut, superfirm, and tuned as you would expect, for BMW believes in "engineering a chassis that is faster than the engine." It is truly up to handling all the power, and naturally the bump response is adjustable through the optional Electronic Damper Control. Even the steering gets the full e-treatment: It's called Servotronic, and it has two different control maps that regulate boost. Incidentally, one of the reasons the M3 is rear drive instead of AWD is so the front wheels can steer the car with maximum feedback, unencumbered by any drive hardware.

As much as BMW is focused on connecting the road with the driver, though, it also likes to try to meld the human with the car's electronics with its unique iDrive system. Tweaked over the years, this joystick-meets-big-round-dial that resides in the center console is used to navigate the audio, navigation, ventilation, and other systems. You'll either love it or find it tedious and inefficient. But honestly, who wants to even bother with the audio components when you can make that glorious V-8 wail like a banshee?

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door, rear-drive sedan
Engine	Four-liter V-8
Power	414 horsepower
Torque	400 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed, dual-clutch automatic
Front tires	245/40 ZR18
Rear tires	265/40 ZR18
Curb weight	3,726 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0-60	4.5 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel capacity	16.6 gallons
EPA mpg	14 city/20 highway
Price (as tested)	$65,575

TWO FOR THE ROAD

When it comes to long-haul motorcycle travel, Victory proves it has a pair.

By Bill Heald

VICTORY MOTORCYCLES
106
VICTORY

Cross Roads

If you long for the open road and like to roll on two wheels, there are a couple of ways to go. You can buy a full-boat touring bike that's just slightly smaller than a cruise ship, or you can go with something smaller that's not really designed for coast-to-coast runs but can be loaded down with ample accessories.

Victory Motorcycles has addressed your travel jones by designing a brace of cruisers that are suitable for comfortable travel, while at the same time not so cumbersome that motoring around in heavy traffic is a pain. The Victory Cross Roads and its slightly larger sibling, the Cross Country, are beautifully stylish machines that use the company's impressive engineering to deliver a great riding experience—whether you're traveling five miles to the barbecue joint or 1,500 to Daytona Beach. Both bikes are powered by a very torque-happy 1,731-cc air- and oil-cooled Freedom V-twin, which is Victory's big-bore trademark engine and features four-valve heads and electronic fuel injection. This mill can be found on Victory's most powerful bikes, and in this 92-horsepower application it's specially tuned for two-up touring duty, thanks to an all-new split dual exhaust with a hydroformed crossover pipe. The transmission is a six speed, and in top gear drops the rpms down for smooth, effortless highway cruising. This big V-twin is loaded with character and muscle, and very satisfying to crank open coming out of corners no matter what gear you're in.

Both bikes are built on a 65.7-inch wheelbase and feature an innovative frame design that delivers the strong foundation that a loaded touring

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Air- /oil-cooled, 50-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101 mm x 108 mm
Displacement	1,731 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Single monotube shock, air adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 300-mm disc
Front tire	130/70-R18
Rear tire	180/60-R16
Fuel tank	5.8 gallon capacity
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26.25 inches
Wet weight	Cross Roads: 780 pounds; Cross Country: 800 pounds
Base price	Cross Roads: $15,999; Cross Country: $17,999

mount requires. The unique two-piece structure uses technology derived from the company's CORE concept motorcycle, and Victory claims these bikes are the lightest in their class. That said, bikes bearing two riders and packed with gear for serious travel carry a good bit of mass, so Victory has armed the rides with stout 300-mm dual front disc brakes and a likewise sizable single unit in the rear for excellent stopping power.

So what differentiates this brace of touring vessels? The Cross Roads has a removable windshield with side-burns for aerodynamic efficiency, whereas the Cross Country has a larger, fork-mounted full fairing. Both bikes sport huge integrated saddlebags. The Country also has an AM/FM radio as standard equipment, and a boatload of options are available, including GPS. Both the Country and the Roads feature relaxed upright ergonomics for all-day comfort and generous pillion accommodations for your companion. From the sculpted fuel tanks to Victory's unique exhaust note, these are serious travel partners that just get better as the miles roll by.

Cross Country

Good Old Toys

Classic gear gets new and improved, proving you really can teach old tech new tricks.

By Crispin Boyer

Pioneer
iPod/USB

VSX-1020-K Receiver

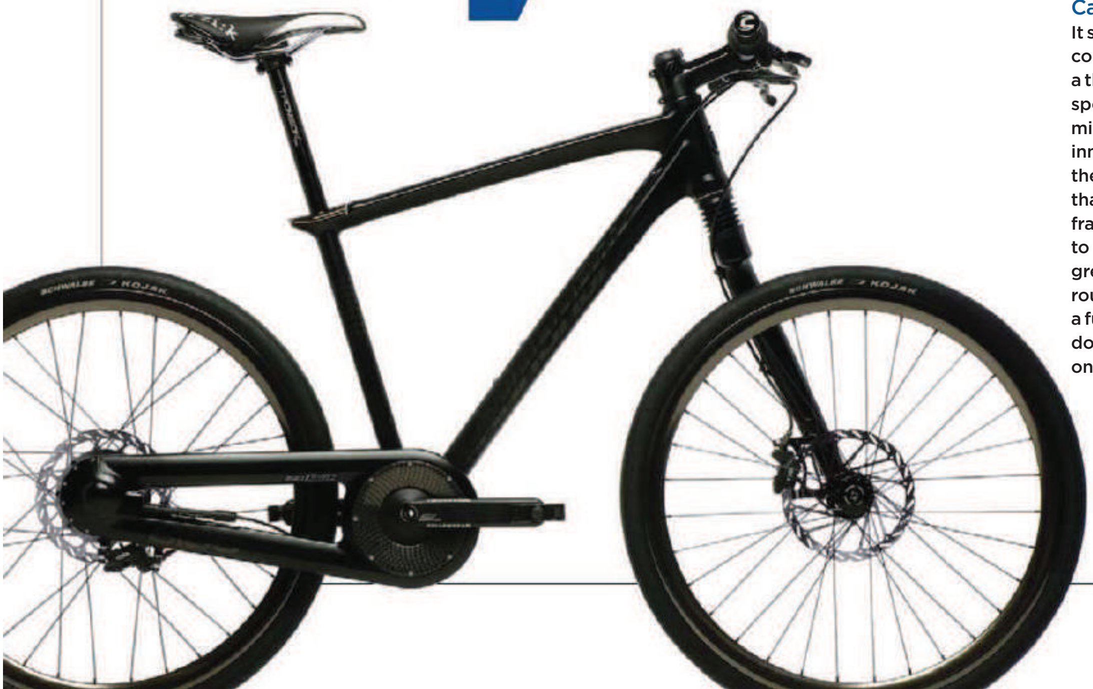
Pioneer • $599

With 3-D HDTVs on the market and home-theater scientists already working on the next big thing (holographic projectors with Smell-O-Vision, maybe?), future-proofing your AV setup is a mission impossible. Still, this receiver—which is packed with high-end features at a mid-range price—will keep your system on the cutting edge for years. It bristles with 3-D-ready HDMI ports and loads of other inputs, making it a convenient hub for your cable box, Blu-ray player, gaming gear, and more. It delivers room-rattling 7.1 surround sound, while enhancing music playback by replacing acoustical subtleties lost during MP3 compression. And while the included remote is more than adequate, a free app turns your iPhone or iPod Touch into a mini mission control, letting you tinker with every setting via a slick touch-screen interface.

SlideHD

Flip • $280

Capturing life's misadventures on Flip's line of pocket cameras was always a snap, but reviewing footage on the teeny screens sucked. The new SlideHD model relieves that eye strain with a three-inch touch screen and a novel slide control. Both let you easily prescreen your mini cinematic masterpieces before premiering them on YouTube or an HDTV. The SlideHD packs enough memory to record four hours of high-definition video, and it's as svelte as your typical smartphone, so it's easy to keep on hand should you ever spot a Sasquatch or find a partner for that sex tape.



ON Bike

Cannondale • $6,500

It started out as a concept for a funky commuter bicycle that could fold down to a third of its full size. Now the pricey nine-speed ON bike is rolling into the real world, minus the folding ability but with all its other innovative features intact. Chief among them: a single-arm front fork and a chain that's completely integrated into the alloy frame of the bike, meaning you never need to maintain the drive system or worry about grease stains on your pant leg. All cabling is routed through the frame, too, giving the ON a futuristic "no wires" look that'll cause a few double takes as you pedal through the pack on your way to work.

■ Ironman Global Trainer

Timex • $250

Don't let the name throw you: This tough timepiece is not part of a merchandising tie-in with the *Iron Man* movie sequel. The Global Trainer is built for endurance athletes who are hell-bent on beating the pack in grueling multisport competitions. Nevertheless, it boasts so many high-tech abilities that it would look right at home on Tony Stark's red-armored wrist. The built-in GPS tracking calculates your distance, pace, altitude, laps, and speed as you run, bike, or swim. It also logs your performance in past workouts and records waypoints for your favorite routes. Sync the Ironman to your PC to recharge its 15-hour battery and access a suite of hard-core training programs. Oh, yeah—it will tell you what time it is, too.

■ The Rambler Backpack

Mission Workshop • $219

Mission Workshop, based in San Francisco's Mission District—ground zero for that city's hipster bike-messenger culture—crafts bags and backpacks to the exacting standards of urban pedal-pumping cowboys. Its weatherproof bags are sturdy enough for the daily commute but versatile enough for weekend trailblazing. This one hits the sweet spot between low-profile comfort and large storage capacity, with two laptop-size pockets and a central cargo compartment that expands into a nearly bottomless pit. The customizable strap system spreads the load across your back and shoulders so long hauls aren't a pain in the neck.

■ RC Fishing Boat

Chinavasion • $143

As if the sport of fishing weren't lazy enough, this two-foot-long remote-control speedboat lets you drive and drop baited hooks exactly where you want them without the exhausting effort of casting a line. You'll still have the chore—and enjoyment—of reeling in your catch. The boat's remote has a range of 1,000 feet and can be operated with one hand, leaving your other hand free to operate your PBRs. A wide hull and twin propellers stabilize the boat in rough conditions, and a red navigation light keeps it in sight in dim light. With four hours of cruising time on a single charge, the boat gives you plenty of time to shut up and fish, then sober up for the drive home.

■ CR6002 Portable Turntable

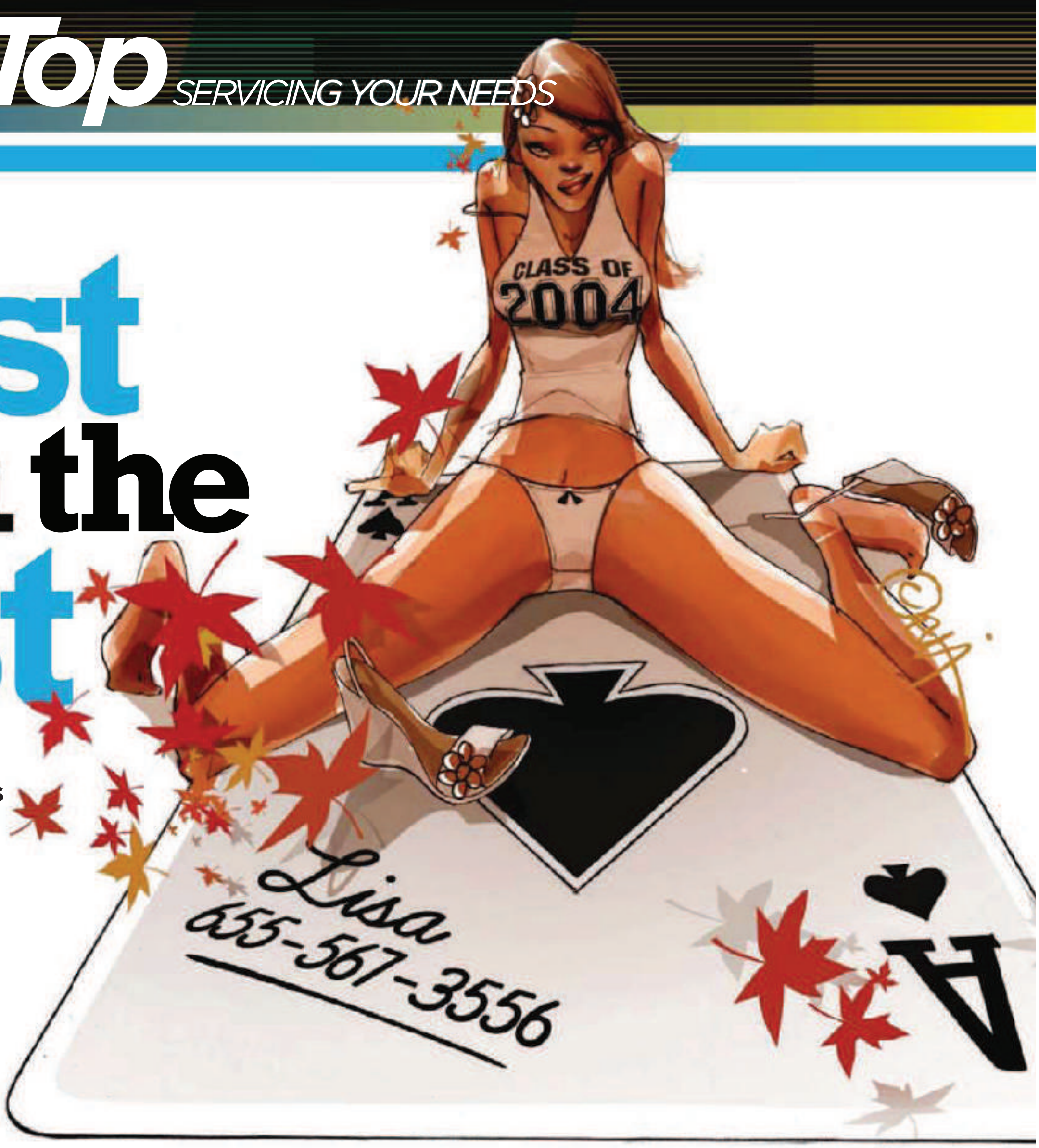
Crosley • $149

This lightweight, battery-powered gizmo is like a relic out of some alternate dimension where the Walkman and iPod never existed, spinning 45 and 33 1/3 records on the go. Just be sure to plop it down on a stable surface before dropping the diamond-stylus needle onto a record groove. The built-in stereo speakers will blast your old-school media at vinyl swaps, parties, the office, wherever, or you can use the dual headphone jacks for a more intimate listening experience. It does have one twenty-first-century touch: a USB port and ripping software that converts analog tunes into the easier-to-carry digital format.

Blast From the Past

Is your college crush finally making herself available? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you why it's important to go back in time to set things right.

Illustration by Celia Calle



Dear Scoundrel,
I've been dating this girl who's pretty awesome, and I'm feeling like marriage could be in our future. But last week I was catching up with a college friend, Tom, who told me he'd recently talked to another college friend, Lisa. I haven't seen Lisa since we graduated about six years ago, but I still yank it to the time in junior year that we played strip poker and she got down to her bra and panties. She was really hot, with an amazing rack and this horse face that just made me want to ride her. She's married now, but after a few drinks she mentioned to Tom that she used to have a huge crush on me and still wonders what it would be like to hook up with me. She even asked Tom to give me her number so I could get in touch with her. I was surprised, because I'd always had a thing for her, but I was sure she thought of me as just her funny, dorky friend. I never even tried anything. Now I'm tempted to get in touch with her and make up for the missed opportunity, but I've never cheated on anyone before and I'm worried that I'll be racked with guilt. Any advice?

There's always the possibility that she's gained 50 pounds and joined a religious cult that requires her to grow hair on her upper lip—although guy code requires Tom to disclose that.

You're probably thinking, *Phew, now I don't have to cheat on my girl.* But you're wrong. You absolutely have to cheat on your girl, even if your college crush has a full-on Jesus beard. Why? Because the unwritten rule in college is: You scoop up pussy like you're doing community service by the side of the highway, picking up any and all of it that blows your way. And because there's no statute of limitations on trim, you need to make like the Sperminator going back in time to drill Sarah Connor. Or think of College Girl's punani as a time capsule that's ready to be opened. Getting a B.J. from this chick and giving her face a blast from the past is nothing short of a moral obligation—it's more like an oral obligation. You owe it to your younger, dorkier self to get the job done.

The good thing is, this girl has a husband, which is basically an insurance policy against things going anywhere or anyone finding out. You simply go back in time, nail her in the back of your DeLorean, and return to present-day reality in time to eat out your current girl for dinner. (By the way, you'd be amazed what a flux capacitor does to a G spot.)

As for your current girl, forget the guilt. There's an expression among downhill skiers: "Don't die wondering." You shouldn't get married wondering, either.

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THE REMEDY

Let the Penicillin relieve your cocktail boredom.

By Meaghan Dorman

While it's been years (we hope) since you've needed a dose of penicillin, it's time to revisit the concept of that versatile antibiotic. We'd like to introduce you to an updated cure-all for the twenty-first century that needs neither a prescription nor an embarrassing condition to work its magic. After combining the well-known soothing powers of ginger, honey, and lemon, one brilliant bartender added Scotch to the mix to create a cocktail that truly cures what ails you—or at least imparts a feeling of perfect health.

It's true that the major trend in the cocktail world has been bartenders dusting off pre-Prohibition recipes and reviving forgotten concoctions. But among the Corpse Revivers and Sidecars, mixologists are crafting new recipes destined for the annals of barroom history. It was the lack of cocktails that subtly utilized the smoky power of Scotch that inspired Sam Ross to create a carefully balanced drink with the spirit.

The 2004 delivery of offerings from newbie Scotch distiller Compass Box to New York City's cocktail den Little Branch (sister bar to the legendary Milk & Honey; Ross tends bar at both) spurred the experimentation that resulted in this contemporary classic. Ross aimed to steer away from the usual stirred and strong Scotch drinks and created a versatile cocktail that would please the masses. It began as a riff on the Gold Rush (bourbon, lemon, and honey), but Ross substituted Asyla Blended Scotch. Then he added a kick-off spice with some sweetened ginger juice—but still did not have a masterpiece on his hands. The final element was a little Islay smoke, courtesy of Peat Monster. Just a drizzle directly on the ice (think block, not cube, for the real deal) completed the drink and left a smoldering nose for the drinker.

The cocktail has slowly spread beyond Manhattan and now appears on cocktail menus from L.A. to Australia, Brazil, and elsewhere. The Penicillin is a harmony of smooth and spice, and is adored by the often whiskey-shunning fairer sex, while containing enough complexity to satisfy a serious Scotch drinker. If you've been on a mission to get your lady to love Scotch like you do, the Penicillin is the gateway to peat heaven. While such Scotch drinks as the Rob Roy and Chancellor deserve their place in history, the cocktail marketplace has finally bridged a gap left by its vested elders.

In terms of delivery, we recommend taking this antidote over the counter, and from a skilled professional. If you don't have a respectable cocktail joint nearby that will have the necessary fresh lemon and honey, spend a night in and play pro in your kitchen. We guarantee that impressing your lady with your drink-shaking skills will make her ready and willing to follow doctor's orders.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEATHER SPERLING

PENICILLIN

- 2 ounces blended Scotch
- 3/4 ounce fresh lemon juice
- 3/4 ounce ginger/honey syrup
- 1/4 ounce Islay Scotch (Laphroaig is recommended)

Add all ingredients except Islay to a shaker. Shake with ice and strain over a large piece of ice. Float Islay on top, and garnish with candied ginger.

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ENERGIZE YOUR LIFESTYLE
ENERGY DRINK
PENTHOUSE Clear™
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wild berry
ENERGIZE YOUR LIFESTYLE
ENERGY DRINK
PENTHOUSE Clear™
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See some of our drink mixes here: www.penthouseclear.com/mixers

game time

The season hasn't even begun, but Uma is full of school spirit and ready to reward the efforts of her favorite player. She sends him a text to meet her in the men's locker room after-hours.

Photographs by Misha

Once he settles in on the bench across from her, Uma begins her pregame show, baring her breasts to reveal her hardened-with-arousal nipples.

She takes things further, taking off her skirt and dipping her hand into her damp panties before shedding those, too, all the while delivering color commentary on what she needs him to do to her.

Uma can see that his equipment is in perfect condition, and that he's ready to tackle her. But, to his surprise, she tells him he has to remain on the sidelines while she warms up with her baton.

Finally, she tells him to suit up and get in the game. They're both ready for a record night of scoring while they try out each and every position on the field.

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IN SEARCH OF REAL MEN

Being a man has never been more complicated. Everyone has an opinion on how we should act—even what we should think. But while the world is trying to figure out what women want, very few people are concerned about men. Starting this month, we're presenting the stories of a few men who tell us what they want to have, to hear, and to share.

By Tom Matlack

I am a venture capitalist by trade, and many of my best friends are bankers. A few years ago some of these guys, self-proclaimed macho money machines mightily resistant to introspection in any form, began to call me in the dark of night.

"Am I wasting my life?" one asked me.

"Why am I working 100 hours a week?"

"Should I become a stay-at-home dad?"

Their questions made me think, *If these guys are confused, what about the guy who just got laid off at the GM plant in Detroit, or the marine returning to the Middle East for his third tour of duty?*

I set out to find those stories, and many more, to help me understand what it really means to be a man in America today. My venture-capital partner and I sponsored a national essay contest as part of what would soon become the Good Men Project, which comprises an anthology of first-person essays, a documentary film, a charitable foundation, and an ongoing series of readings, film screenings, and panel discussions. Every dollar from the sales of our books and DVDs goes directly to programs that offer role models for at-risk kids.

In promoting the book and the project as a whole, I have been to churches, boys' schools, a college, a reform school, a feminist bookstore, a gay-and-lesbian community center, an off-Broadway theater, the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, and a Hollywood studio for a gala premiere of our film.

It's the boys who always get me most. They so desperately want to know what it means to be a man. They want to talk about war and sex and death. They want to know the truth. During a presentation at a boys' school, a seventh-grader asked me, "If I do something wrong, really wrong, can I still be a good man?" I assured him that that was the whole point: We all make mistakes. What matters is what we do about those mistakes.

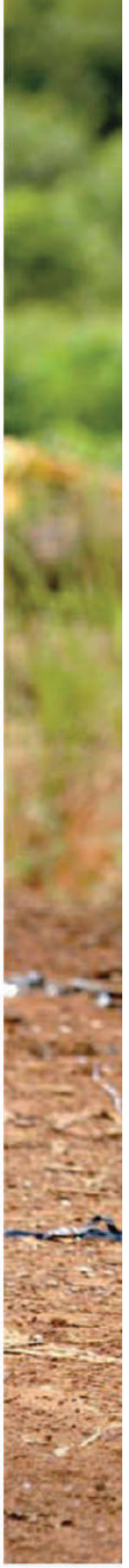
When talking to boys, even at a prep school, I think about the 30 million children in our country who have no contact with their fathers. While it's certainly important for us adults to discuss the topic of manhood, the real point is to provide for those boys (and girls, for that matter) role models who can demonstrate what it means to be a good man. We are building more and more prisons to house the kids we don't reach. But that is an expensive answer, both in dollars and in lost lives.

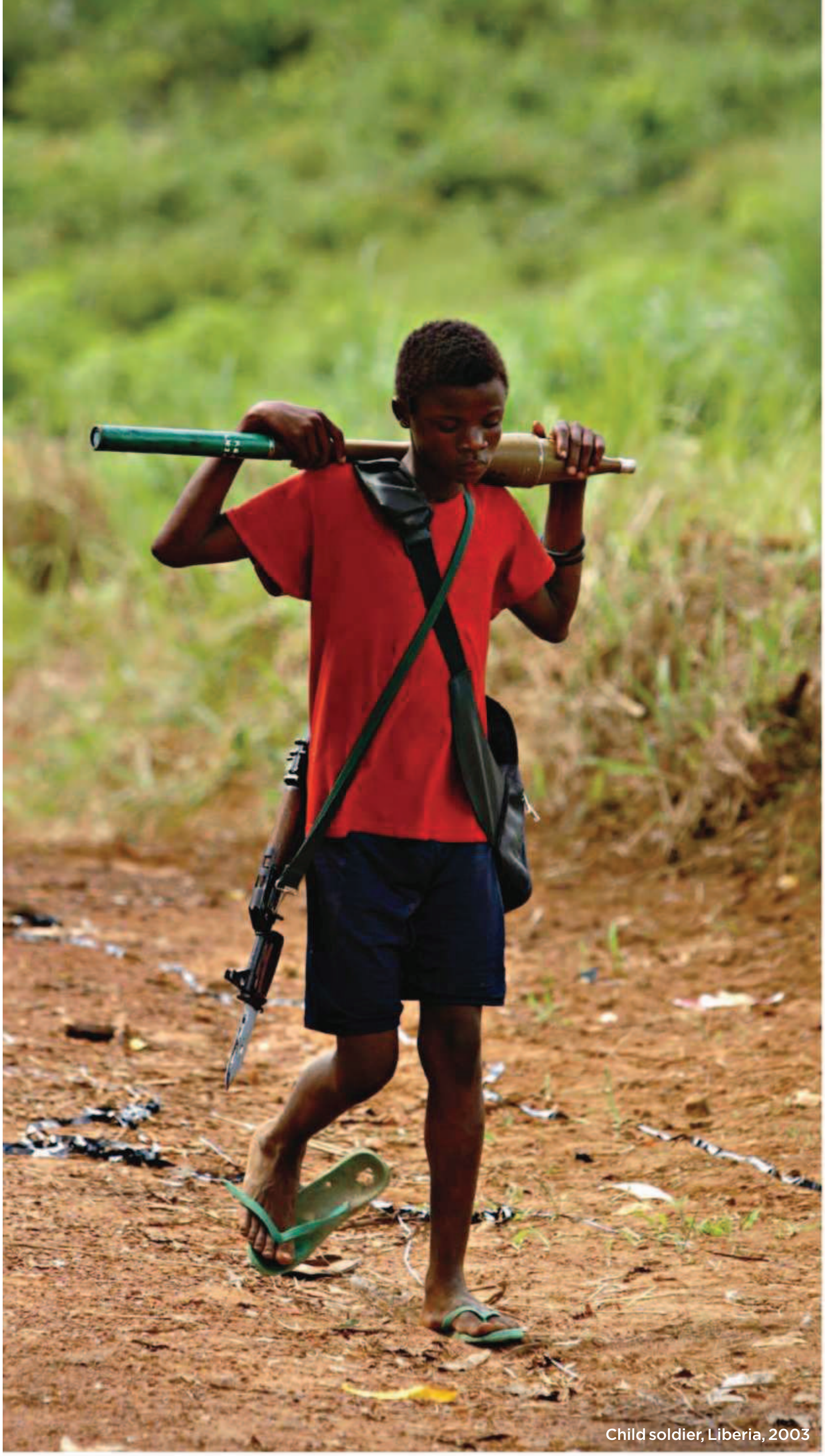
When that seventh-grader asked me about redemption, I told him about Julio Medina, who once was the leader of the biggest drug gang in the South Bronx, was sentenced to life in prison, and, after six years in Sing Sing, found himself in a concrete hallway watching a man slump to the floor after being stabbed. I described to the boy how, in such a situation in Sing Sing, you don't want to get blood on your uniform because you will be implicated in the stabbing and left with a choice: tell the prison officials what happened and risk being stabbed by a fellow inmate for being a snitch, or spend a month in solitary confinement. I told the boy how Julio had run away from scores of other stabbings, but that this time he decided enough was enough. He bent down and cradled the bleeding man, and with that act he began to transform his own life.

Julio has little in common with most of the men in the book and most of the other men I know, except that something happened in his life that made him take a long look at himself. When he didn't like what he saw, he did something about it.

The Good Men Project: Real Stories From the Front Lines of Modern Manhood is a conversation igniter for a national discussion, the unfolding story of what manhood means today. The book and DVD are available at GoodMenBook.org, Amazon.com, and other bookshops. The essays published in *Penthouse* can be found at PenthouseMagazine.com. We welcome your comments.

Tom Matlack worked on Wall Street, was CFO of a major media company, and started his own venture-capital firm before turning to writing full-time. He lives in Boston with his wife and three children.





Child soldier, Liberia, 2003

SHOOTING THE TRUTH

Text and photos by Michael Kamber

My father left in 1969, when I was six and he was 45. He was chasing hard after the tail end of the sixties. I always supposed it must have been a tough time for a man to be tied down—watching all that chaos out there, while having to stay home and diaper the kids and pay the bills.

He left a few things behind: some tools, a handful of war medals, and a fantastically detailed lithograph he'd bought at a yard sale. It was dated 1918 and called "Over the Top." It showed steely-eyed doughboys storming a trench, their bayonets fixed, and the flag waving above them. The Germans looked scared and slightly evil in their pointy helmets. One American was falling, looking skyward as his comrades killed the Huns around him.

I used to stare at this print for hours, studying it as if it were a religious talisman, searching the images—the smoke from the cannons, the charging soldiers, the blood dripping from men's bodies—for some clue I'd missed. These men had the answer to a question I wanted to ask. I just wasn't sure what the question was. I wanted to know why men go to distant places to slaughter one another, and how that becomes something noble. But there was a deeper question beyond that.

My father never really fit in anywhere. He fought his way through life, never held a job for long, ran through four marriages (one before my mother and two after), surrounded himself with guns, occasionally threatened other men—"I'm an ex-marine, you know." It was only later, after I'd been to war, that I began to wonder, *Did he live with things he'd seen that never went away?*

I never set out to cover wars. I saved some money working at a transmission shop and went to art school in New York to be a fine-art photographer. I dropped out of school when the money ran out, and I started trying to make it as a photojournalist—a job where I could combine my love for photography with my fascination with history. I worked construction during the week, then shot on the streets of New York at night and on weekends, peddling pictures to the wire services for $25 apiece.

In 1987, when I was 24, a friend was going to Haiti to cover the first election after the fall of "Baby Doc" Duvalier and invited me along. A community newspaper in New York gave me credentials and a promise to give my work a look when I returned. I went with my friend and accidentally made it to a war zone, but it didn't look like my father's lithograph. There were no battle lines, no armies in uniforms. On a steamy November morning, I found myself in a room full of women and girls who'd been hacked to death with machetes by Duvalier's thugs.

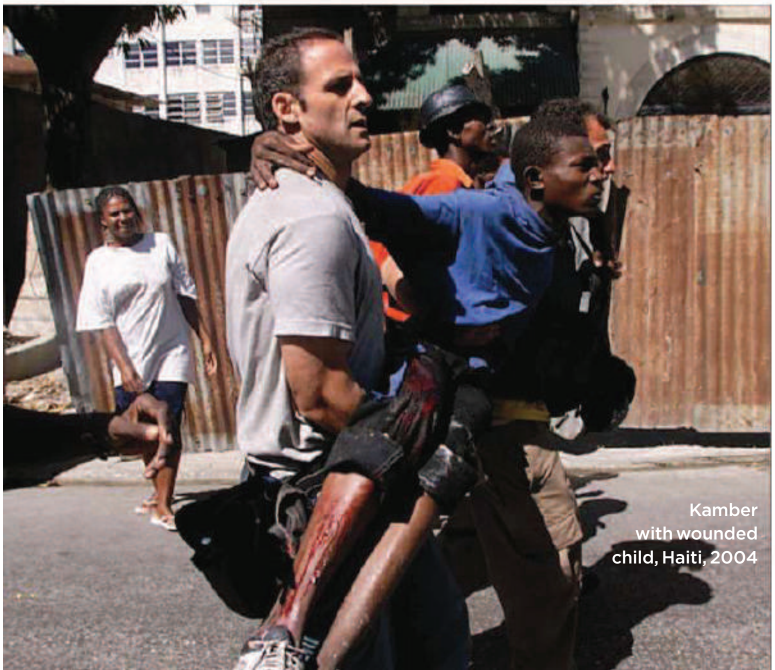
Later that morning, those thugs, the Tonton Macoutes, caught me out in the street, photographing a fresh corpse like it was some sort of anthropological experiment. I knew what that deeper question was now: A few minutes ago, this

THE KILLERS TRAINED THEIR GUNS ON ME, TALKED, THEN DROVE AWAY. AFTERWARD I SHOOK SO BADLY I COULDN'T PICK UP A GLASS OF WATER; SLEEP ELUDED ME FOR MONTHS.

man was alive, breathing, going home to his family, working on his dreams for tomorrow. Now he lay dead on the pavement. I wanted to know why. I thought my camera might reveal an answer, but I had lingered too long. The killers trained their guns on me, talked for a moment, then drove away. Other journalists were killed that day. I was spared. For days afterward I shook so badly I couldn't pick up a glass of water; sleep eluded me for months.

I've covered a dozen wars since then. I manage it better now, but that feeling of absolute, heart-pounding terror never goes away. In Iraq, near An Nāsirīyah or Mosul, we would drive down a dirt road where, a day or two before, a Humvee had blown up; we would see bodies being carried out in small pieces. We'd know the insurgents had been out at night setting new IEDs—improvised explosive devices. And so you sweat and clench and swear you'll never do this again. If you can just make it through this time, you promise, you'll never come back. Then you turn around and do it again the next day or the next week, and you can't explain why.

Some men think it's bravery. John Burns, the former Baghdad bureau chief for *The New York Times,* once told me that much of what is termed "bravery" is simply men being too obstinate, or too dumb, to understand their own mortality. I don't know what it is for me, but I sometimes feel as if I'm standing on a beach and there are waves smothering me—waves of advertisements for shit I don't need, of profiles of people who've never done anything except be famous, of politicians mouthing platitudes, of hundreds of TV channels showing nothing. And sometimes I can take one picture that lets me grab on to something real in this world.



Kamber with wounded child, Haiti, 2004

Not long ago in Iraq, I walked into the countryside in the dawn light with a platoon of U.S. soldiers. Most were in their early twenties; a few were only 18 or 19 years old. They had joined the Army for many reasons, some out of patriotism, some—the ones from military families—because that's just what you did at 18, some because they wanted to prove themselves and loved the action and camaraderie. They were a cocky, cheerful bunch. They told fag jokes and stories about getting pissed together, about bar fights and getting so drunk they ate one another's puke.

On patrol that morning, the commander paused for a long moment to get map coordinates and do radio checks. Then we set off along a sandy trail that wended through a handful of bombed-out houses. The air was still, and in the palm groves beyond the trail there was an early-morning beauty that I'd never seen before in Iraq, a place I would rate as the most unlovely of the 50 or so countries I've worked in. Still, I felt uneasy on the trail. The sand was good cover for an IED or a command-detonated mine, and the palm groves offered excellent cover for snipers.

I stepped inside an abandoned building to photograph the patrol through a shattered window. Birds chirped in the distance as I studied the rubble for trip wires. And then *whoomph!* The air filled with smoke. Shrapnel rained down around me. A soldier screamed. I checked my legs and the rest of my body for wounds. Had I tripped an IED? Was I dead and didn't know it? There was no blood. A feeling of nausea settled over me. I'd heard the sound of an explosion often enough before. It comes at the moment of a man's death. I knew I had to go out there and start shooting.

I ran through the smoke, listening for gunfire—a sign of an ongoing attack—but there was none. A call went out alerting us that we might be in a minefield. No one moved except me and the medic.

Through the haze I saw an eight-foot-wide crater, and behind it, a soldier's upper torso. He'd been cut in half above the waist. His legs were gone and his eyes were open, staring at the sky. His blood pooled slowly in the sand. Behind him the medic was already at work on another bloody soldier. I raised my camera and started to shoot.

"No fucking pictures!" the captain screamed. Soldiers have gotten violent with me when their comrades have been killed. I took a few frames, then put the camera down and started helping to bandage the most badly wounded soldier. He had taken a lot of shrapnel, and his face looked like hamburger. We checked his torso for wounds, but there were none. He was pleading, "Doc, you've got to give me something. I can't take this pain. I can't take it." His friend was lying dead against his legs, but he didn't know it. He couldn't see through the blood in his eyes, and he felt nothing but the stabbing pain.

The scene was eerily quiet, save for a radioman calling for a medevac. A minute later, the soldier's

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) CARLOS VILLALON

Baghdad, 2003

The absolute, heart-pounding terror never goes away ... you sweat and swear you'll never do this again. If you can make it through this time, you'll never come back. Then you turn around and do it again the next day or the next week, and you can't explain why.

sobbing began to mix with the birdcalls in the stifling, still air.

I slowly walked over and told the captain that I was going to do my job and that he could take my cameras later if he wanted. He nodded, maybe knowing that no one was going to move through a minefield to stop me anyway. I walked among the wounded men, shooting as I went and trying to lend a hand where I could. Soldiers carefully put the wounded onto litters and carried them to a landing zone for the helos. Then four young men lifted the dead soldier's torso gently into a body bag. One bent down and began to rip the gear off his comrade's flak vest. Then he thought better of it, reached up, and quietly zipped the bag closed.

Another platoon, working a few hundred meters to the south of us, had a soldier sniped through the brain a few minutes later. They evac'd him with his helmet still on, to keep his head from falling apart. He died an hour or so later.

No one saw the enemy in either attack. The war in Iraq is bad that way. Mostly, you ride around as IED bait instead of engaging the enemy. But I bet the boys in the trenches thought World War I was a shitty war, too. I wonder what the lithograph from this war will look like. It's hard to make a heroic picture of guys slogging through the fields, fearing, expecting, waiting for an ambush.

I had a plan when I was in Iraq. I was going to come back to the States and live on a tree-lined street with this smart, sexy woman I loved. She had an apartment full of sunlight. Our friends and family would be there with us, eating and laughing.

But when I returned to Brooklyn, something had changed, in me and in the city. In my formerly industrial neighborhood, black nannies now pushed fat white babies in $400 strollers; my neighbor's new car had separate air-conditioning zones for each occupant; a friend obsessed over his iPod remote control. No one was the least bit concerned with the Iraq war. My neighbors' programs did not include getting their legs or testicles blown off by someone wiring 155-millimeter shells together and pressing a garage-door opener. They didn't worry about having to shit into a colostomy bag, or about being spoon-fed because they had gotten their arms blown off. And why should they?

So I got back to the world and I felt a certain arrogance washing over me, and a certain anger. I couldn't think about much except getting out again. My woman wanted me to go into therapy, but I didn't feel the need to pay an expert to facilitate this intersection—the intersection between the violence I saw every day in Iraq and people going blithely about their lives at home. And I wasn't going to cop to this war-junkie stuff.

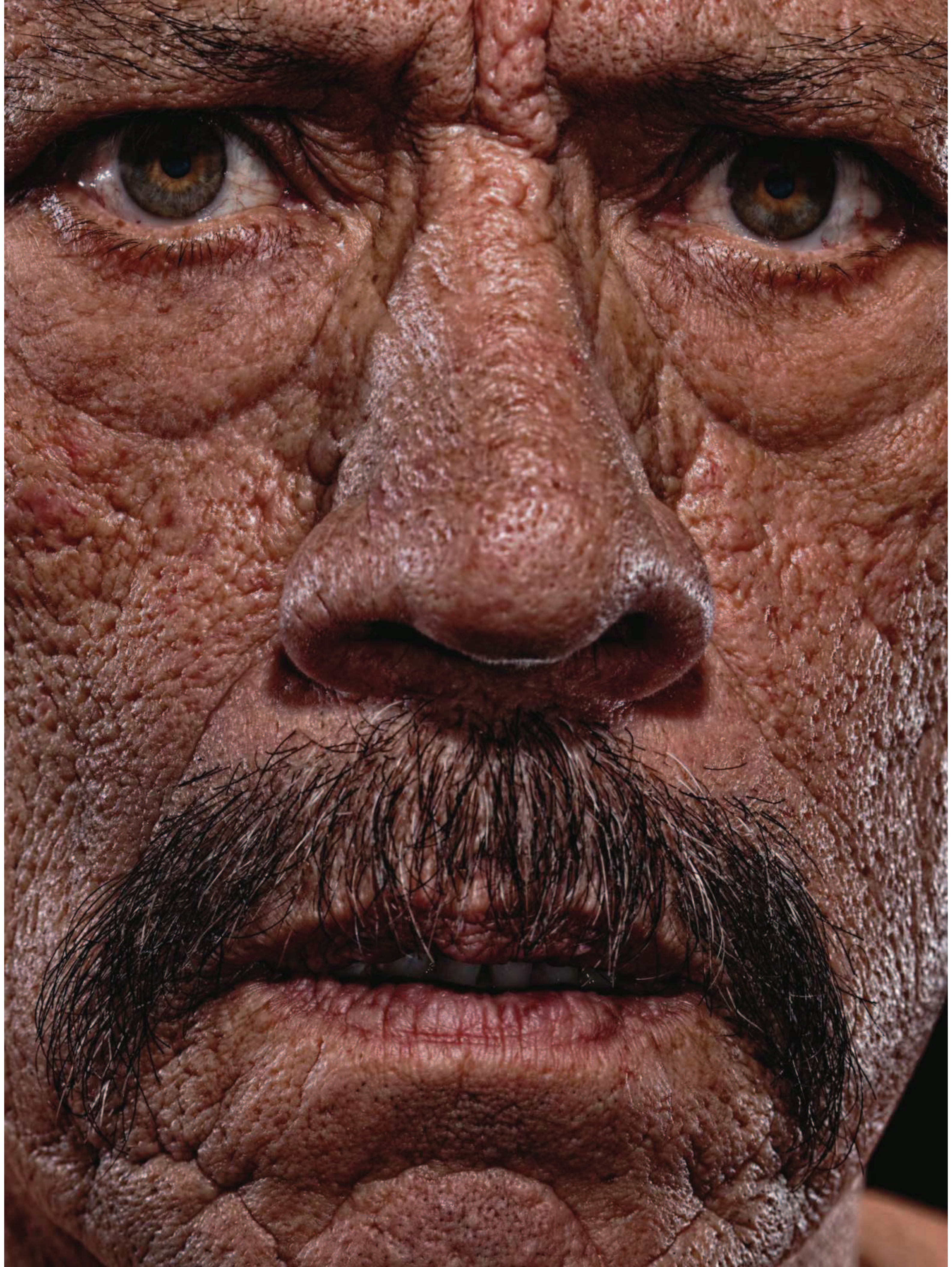
I'd found a useful role in this world, a way to give evidence that has value. I had nothing to apologize for, nothing I needed to be diagnosed for. Some things in this world just are, and that's all right. They don't need to be satisfactorily resolved.

I put my things in storage and took the first assignment that got me far from New York.

I leave for the Congo next week, then for Iraq again in a couple of months—it will be the fifth calendar year in which I've worked there. I have no home really, just the road, a room in Baghdad, a few friends' places in Dakar where I sometimes crash.

I'm 45 now, the same age my father was when he split, and maybe I'm not that different from him. I know my limitations better. Unlike him, I got out before I got in. But his fascination with violence, his need to stay in motion, and his desire to be irresponsible have all filtered down into me. And I'm okay with that.

Michael Kamber has been nominated for three Pulitzer Prizes, twice for photography and once for writing. This essay is excerpted from the book *The Good Men Project: Real Stories From the Front Lines of Modern Manhood,* published by Greenleaf Book Group and available online at GoodMenProject.org.



THE HARDEST WORKING HOMBRE IN HOLLYWOOD

With 183 films under his belt, veteran tough guy Danny Trejo finally gets a shot at a starring role, in Robert Rodriguez's Machete, *out this month.*

By John Bolster • Photographs by Lionel Deluy

You may not recognize Danny Trejo's name, but you definitely know his carved-granite face from one of the nearly 200 films he's appeared in since the mid-eighties. His prolific, 25-year career was launched almost by accident, when he was working as a drug counselor on the set of the 1985 film *Runaway Train* and was asked to be Eric Roberts's boxing coach for the film.

That led to a role in the movie, and since then, Trejo has been Central Casting's walking, talking, gun-toting, knife-wielding definition of a badass for everything from B-movie prison flicks to Michael Mann's heist classic *Heat*. He started out as a bit player with maybe one line of dialogue—usually "Kill 'em all," he jokes—but has gradually expanded his repertoire to include bigger roles, parts in family films (*Bubble Boy, Spy Kids*), TV (*Desperate Housewives, Breaking Bad*), and videogame voiceovers (*Grand Theft Auto*).

Now, in this month's *Machete,* directed by Robert Rodriguez and Ethan Maniquis, the 66-year-old steps into his first starring role, playing an ex-*Federale* contracted to assassinate a corrupt senator in Texas. The contract turns out to be a setup, and after his employers try to take *him* out, Machete embarks on a brutal quest for revenge.

The hotly anticipated film, which began as a faux trailer in the Robert Rodriguez–Quentin Tarantino double feature *Grindhouse,* is as certain to stir up controversy for its take on U.S.-Mexico border issues as it is to kick ass. Much ass. While taking names.

We spoke with Trejo before the film's release, and he told us about the origins of *Machete,* his criminal past (he did time for armed robbery in several prisons, and was welterweight boxing champ at San Quentin), his work as a drug counselor (he's a recovering addict), and the strange effect kissing Jessica Alba can have on your friends.

Machete has everything: a kickass title, you, Robert De Niro, Jessica Alba, Michelle Rodriguez, Steven Seagal, Cheech Marin, Don Johnson—and Lindsay Lohan in a nun's outfit. How fun was it to make?
Well, all of Robert's movies are fun, and this one was just unbelievable. He is such a great director. I think he is gonna stand alone, as a director, in history. This one is a culmination of *Desperado* and *Once Upon a Time in Mexico,* and if you look back at those, I think Robert was training me for this role. He told me about *Machete* when we were doing *Desperado* 15 years ago. He said, "I wanna do this movie about a *Federale* that helps fight [for] immigration."

What do you think of Arizona's new immigration law? Rodriguez issued a special *Machete* trailer for the people of Arizona on Cinco de Mayo.
Yeah. Well, it's really fucked because [after we finished that trailer], I rode home on the plane from Austin with Karl Rove. He had just come out and said that Obama was too soft on immigration. But as far as the law goes, it's a double-edged sword, because we've gotta stop the crime, but you can't step on the Constitution. You have to have probable cause. You can't racial-profile. And right now, if somebody asked me to prove I was an American citizen, well, they better take my driver's license, because that's all I got.

Did Rove know who you were?
Oh, yeah. I happened to help a lady with her bags, and he said, "I won't tell anybody you're a nice guy." But the funny part is that, uh, God, *Anchorman*—who did I do *Anchorman* with?

Will Ferrell?
Will Ferrell. Will Ferrell did that unbelievable skit, *You're Welcome America,* about George Bush? Okay, well, *he* was on the plane, too.

You, Ferrell, and Rove were all on the same flight?
Yeah. But when I got off the plane, the paparazzi hit me. It was TMZ, and they were like, "Hey, Danny, what do you think about that immigration law?" I said, "There's Karl Rove. Why don't you ask him?" They *attacked* him.

How does the movie treat the border issue? Is it pretty controversial?
We get 'em all. It's gonna piss off both sides.

It's already pissed off some right-wing bloggers.
Robert De Niro plays a crooked senator, right? When we were shooting the movie and he was making a speech, real people started arguing on the street. You know, picketing and screaming. Finally, we went over and said, "Hey, this is just a movie." And they're like, "Oh—we're sorry."

This is your first starring role. How much harder is it to be the lead, as opposed to a supporting role?
Usually you just kind of show up, remember your lines, and don't bump into the furniture. But this time you're kind of ... the furniture. And *I got the starring role, with De Niro* [in the cast]. I mean, you can shoot me now. Career don't get no better.

Would you like to do more leading roles?
Yeah. I usually go from movie to movie to movie, and this way, you get to stay on one for a while. And you don't die. And you get the girl. My love interests were Jessica Alba *and* Michelle Rodriguez. So, thank you, Jesus.

Not too bad.
I have a kissing scene with Jessica Alba, and I had three of my friends there. I kissed her about eight times—you know, eight takes. And afterward my friends were trying to kiss *me*. They said, "Gimme your kiss! You kissed this gal!" I was like, "Get away from me, you punks." But man, she is a sweetheart.

I think some daring casting director ought to put you in the lead for a romantic comedy, opposite Katherine Heigl or someone like that.
[*Laughs*] Well, I can always be a *good* bad guy. But it's gonna be tough to sell me just as a good guy. There's gotta be some edge somewhere, because, you know, people still get out of my way when I walk down the street. Even if I'm smiling.

You have real-world experience with drug addiction, prison, armed robbery, and boxing. What movies have really gotten it right on those topics, in your opinion? Let's start with drug addiction.
There's a movie that my son wrote, called *A Love Story*—when that one comes out, that'll be the best drug-addiction movie you've ever seen. But [otherwise] look at *The Salton Sea,* with Val Kilmer.

That's a good one; underrated, too.
Ohhh. That is crystal meth. Just the *insanity* of it. Because [most movies] always put some kind of romantic turn in it, you know? But that one just shows the fucking *degradation* of drug addiction.

How about boxing?
Raging Bull, with Bobby D, Bobby De Niro.

Armed robbery?
Armed rob—*Heat*! C'mon, homey! [*Laughs*] That one, every time I've been stopped by the police, they'll say, "Hey, you're the guy from *Heat*!" Then they'll hand me back my driver's license, and they'll say, "Everything that the police did in that movie was tactically correct." And that's Michael Mann—he's a stickler for that stuff.

> “It’s gonna be tough to sell me just as a good guy. People still get out of my way when I walk down the street. Even if I’m smiling.”

You were the armed-robbery consultant, right?
That’s what I started as, and then I ran into Michael Mann, and I had done a movie called *Drug Wars: The Camarena Story* with him. We talked, and he knew my uncle in Folsom, because he went to Folsom to film *The Jericho Mile*. He said, “Hey, how’s Gilbert doing?” And I said, “Gilbert OD’d; he died.” And he says, “Oh, man, come on, I got a role for you in this movie.” So he pulled me and Eddie Bunker—we were the armed-robbery consultants [and Trejo had a speaking part]. Eddie Bunker was a really famous writer. Probably one of the greatest American criminal novelists there ever was. He wrote a book called *Education of a Felon*. If you really want to get into the mind of a criminal, read that.

What’s the best weapon for an armed robbery?
It depends on what you’re doing. Now, they’ve got AK-47s and blah, blah, blah. But back in the day, a sawed-off shotgun was the best thing there was. Because it was just scary.

What’s the best prison movie?
Blood In Blood Out got the best of that.

You’ve been in San Quentin, Soledad, and Folsom. Which was the toughest of those?
Soledad is the toughest because people are still trying to prove themselves. But you gotta remember, in prison—any prison—you have a choice: Because there’s only two kinds of people—predator and prey—you have to decide what you want to be. If you’re going to be a predator, that means you’re a predator 24/7. And well ... I mean, if you’re in a pile of shit, I’d rather be on top.

What’s the best advice for someone doing his first bid in prison?
Education. Here’s a little food for thought: If you get involved in school in prison you tend to stay out of the mix, because your time is taken. There’s a difference between an inmate and a convict. An inmate is a guy that goes to school, the guy that’s always busy, the guy that’s doing something. A convict is the guy who, 24/7, is looking to get something. To either get drugs, or alcohol, or money.

I’ve read that you found God while in solitary at Soledad. Can you tell our readers about that?
Well, in 1968—on Cinco de Mayo—me and two other guys were involved in a riot. Involved—we *started* a riot. An outside baseball team came in to play, and we got into a fight with them. It was alleged that I hit a prison officer in the head with a rock. It was alleged that one of my friends socked a free person, and it was alleged that my other friend injured the visiting coach. We went to the hole. I got out of the hole in August. So May, June, July, we were in there. When we went to court, the prison officer made the mistake of saying, “One of them threw the rock. I don’t know which one.” But in a court of law, three people can’t throw a rock. So that case got washed.

You were off the hook.
Yeah, and the free person that my friend [allegedly] tore the lip off, they couldn’t find him. He left the state. And the baseball coach had retired and left. So they had no witnesses, and we got out. But when I walked into the hole three months earlier, I remember saying a prayer. I said, “God, if you’re there, it’s gonna be all right. If you’re not, I’m fucked.” I got out of the hole in August, and I dedicated my life to helping other people. That’s all I’ve been doing since 1968. I got out of the joint on August 23, 1969, and I’ve been on a mission to help anybody I can. Everything good that has happened to me in my life has come as a direct result of helping someone else. Everything.

You do drug counseling now, in addition to acting.
I work for Western Pacific rehab in Glendale. I’ve worked for them since 1973.

Which is more rewarding?
Let me tell you something about the acting. My passion is talking to kids. Going to juvenile halls, high schools, junior high schools, penitentiaries. In order to talk to kids, you first have to get their attention, which is impossible because they have the attention span of a gnat. Then you have to keep their attention, and that’s impossible because

they're worried about what they're going to do on Friday night. Then you've got to show them that you're cool, which is impossible because nobody's as cool as them. And then you have to deliver your message. Well, the good thing about the movies is that when I walk onto any campus, I already have their attention. They already want to hear what I have to say. See, I wish more people in the film industry would get involved in talking to our kids.

They'd have a head start in reaching the kids.
Exactly. But you'll find all the people in the film industry who are having trouble in their lives—and I don't mean divorce, or none of that stuff, 'cause that's just standard shit—I mean drug problems, alcohol problems, spousal-abuse problems. The reason they're having that problem is because they're so fucking selfish, they're not giving nothing back. But my life is a dream. I just keep putting it in the bank. I just keep going to them schools. I'm going up to Oxnard tomorrow and speaking to a juvenile hall up there.

What do you tell them? Because I could see a "scared-straight" approach working for you.
You know what? Screw that "scared" shit. Fuck that. I'm giving them *facts*! I'm going to say, "Whatever you're going through right now—if you're having trouble with your parents—[if you're using] drugs, it's gonna get worse. Without drugs, it's gonna get better." That's a *fact*. And then I say, "Here's another fact: Thugs are broke. Gangbangers go to jail. People who help other people seem to have better lives." Those are *facts*. Every time I say that, every girl who has a thug for a boyfriend will like, elbow him—I see it: *Yeah, you're always broke, fucker*.

There's a Mexican rock band called Plastilina Mosh—
Yeaahhh [*laughs*].

You've heard their song "Danny Trejo"?
I was coming out of the Omni Hotel in Austin, and some fans ran up and said, "Have you heard your song?" I said, "What song?" So my son went to the computer and we heard it. Pretty soon, they were rocking it all over Austin. It's kind of weird. Then I was in London, and some people had tattooed Machete—you know that picture of me with all the machetes?—on their *backs*. I thought, *Whoa! I hope they like the movie* [*laughs*].

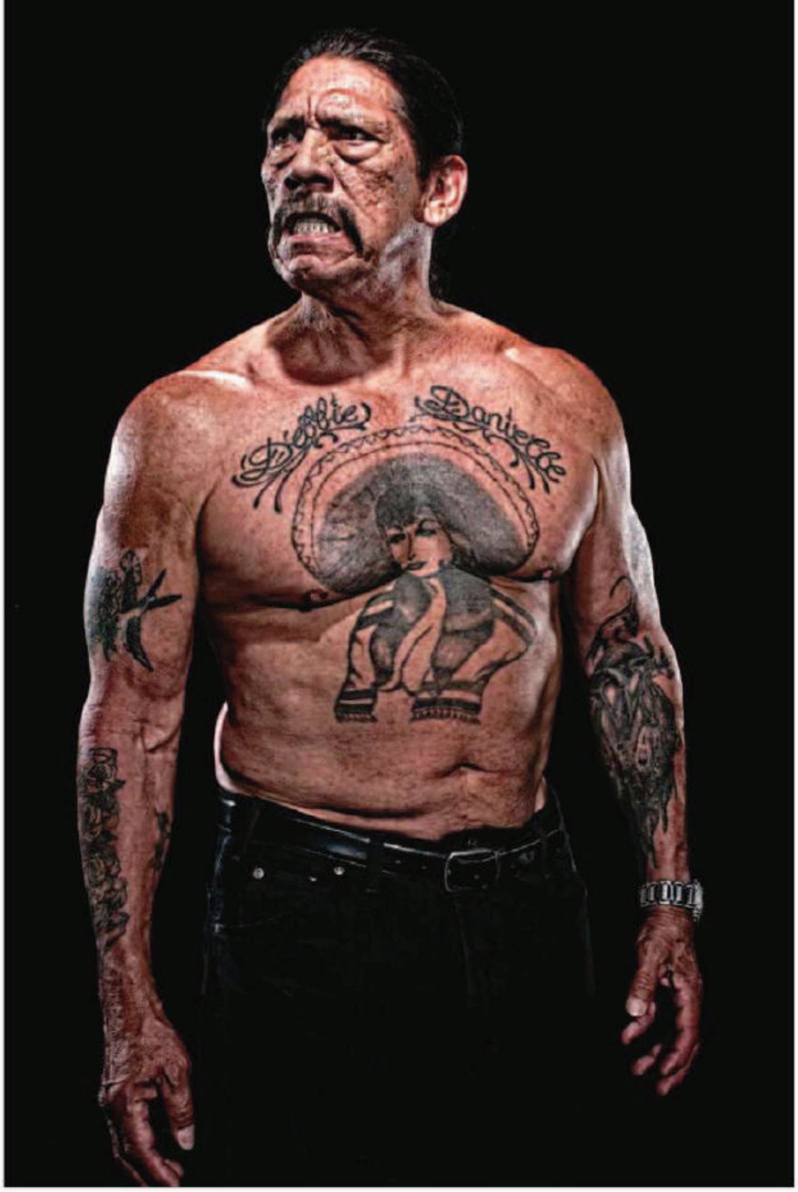
You've worked with just about everybody, from De Niro to Clooney to child actors to Snoop Dogg. Is there anyone you'd still like to work with?
Ah, whoever, whatever movie's being shot, call me. I mean, I just show up. I'm like a house painter. I'll paint this house, that house, it don't matter. Some people really take this seriously. To me, it's my job. And I *love* doing it. But I'm like a plumber, a body-and-fender guy. It keeps me grounded. Because the film industry is made to seduce you into thinking you're really something special. Here's food for thought: "The whole world can think you're a movie star, but you can't." That's a quote from Eddie Bunker.

That approach has worked for you.
Yeah, it's great. My kid's getting ready to produce a movie, he's 22 years old. I'm so proud of him. He might've been a mailman; I don't know where he got so smart. The good thing—he looks just like me. Well, he looks just like me without the ten years of prison [*laughs*].

Is he going to do more acting, or just producing?
He's in *Machete*—he's done some work with me, but he once said, "Dad, every time I go with you to actors' houses, they got pictures of themselves and all these actors on the wall. But every time I go to a producer's house, they got Rembrandts and Andy Warhols and ..." He goes, "I think I wanna be a producer."

Smart kid. All right, last question: Are you on Twitter?
[*Pause*] No!

I knew it: Badasses don't tweet.
Badasses don't tweet—that's cool. Put that in there: Danny says, "Badasses don't tweet."



"In prison, there's only two kinds of people—predator and prey.... If you're in a pile of shit, I'd rather be on top."

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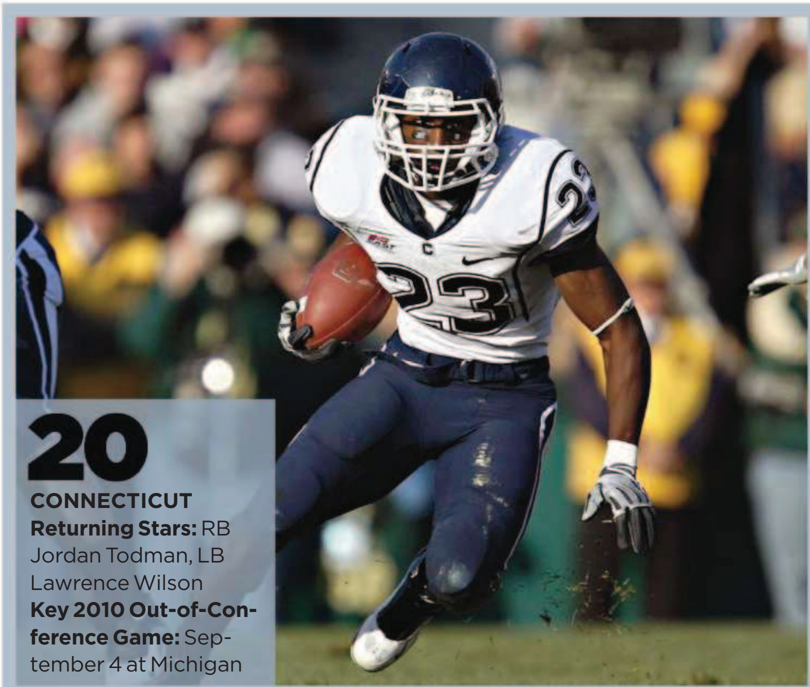
PENTHOUSE PRESEASON TOP 20

Boise State will make another run at it, but BCS glory will go to a traditional power.



20

CONNECTICUT

Returning Stars: RB Jordan Todman, LB Lawrence Wilson

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 4 at Michigan

19

OREGON

Returning Stars: RB LaMichael James, DE Kenny Rowe

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 at Tennessee

18

MIAMI

Returning Stars: QB Jacory Harris, DE Allen Bailey

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 at Ohio State

17

PENN STATE

Returning Stars: RB Evan Royster, G/C Stefen Wisniewski

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 at Alabama

16

MISSOURI

Returning Stars: QB Blaine Gabbert, DE Aldon Smith

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 4 vs. Illinois (St. Louis)

15

FLORIDA STATE

Returning Stars: QB Christian Ponder, CB Greg Reid

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 at Oklahoma

14

USC

Returning Stars: QB Matt Barkley, RB Allen Bradford

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: November 27 vs. Notre Dame

13

LSU

Returning Stars: CB Patrick Peterson, WR Terrence Tolliver

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 4 vs. UNC (Atlanta)

12

VIRGINIA TECH

Returning Stars: RB Ryan Williams, RB Darren Evans

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 6 vs. Boise State (Landover, Maryland)

11

OKLAHOMA

Returning Stars: QB Landry Jones, DE Jeremy Beal

Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 25 at Cincinnati

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT) JONATHAN DANIEL/GETTY IMAGES, JOE ROBBINS/GETTY IMAGES, STREETER LECKA/GETTY IMAGES, STEPHEN DUNN/GETTY IMAGES, CHRIS WILLIAMS/ICON SMI, MARC SEROTA/GETTY IMAGES

By Peter Schrager

10

NORTH CAROLINA
Returning Stars: DT Marvin Austin, LB Bruce Carter
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 4 vs. LSU

9

NEBRASKA
Returning Stars: DT Jared Crick, RB Roy Helu Jr.
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 18 at Washington

7

TCU
Returning Stars: QB Andy Dalton, DT Cory Grant
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 4 vs. Oregon State (Arlington, Texas)

5

PITTSBURGH
Returning Stars: RB Dion Lewis, DE Greg Romeus
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 25 vs. Miami

2

OHIO STATE
Returning Stars: QB Terrelle Pryor, WR DeVier Posey
Key Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 vs. Miami

4

IOWA
Returning Stars: QB Ricky Stanzi, DE Adrian Clayborn
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 18 at Arizona

8

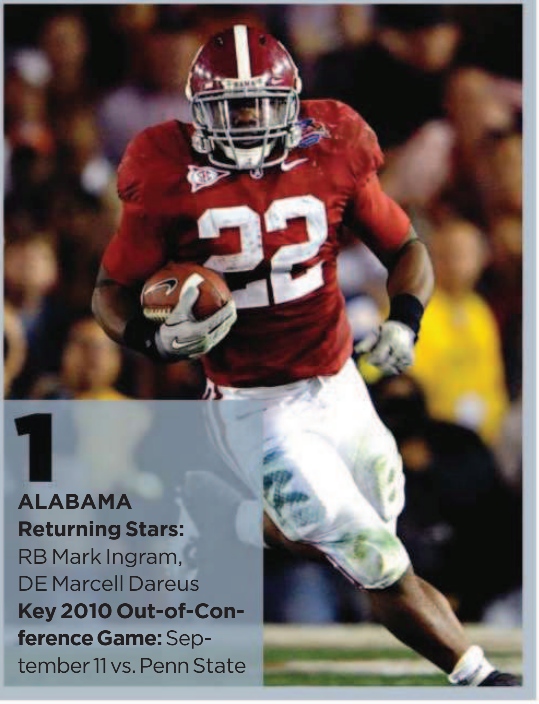
FLORIDA
Returning Stars: S Will Hill, QB John Brantley
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 vs. South Florida

6

TEXAS
Returning Stars: DE Sam Acho, QB Garrett Gilbert
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 25 vs. UCLA

3

BOISE STATE
Returning Stars: QB Kellen Moore, RB Jeremy Avery
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 6 vs. Virginia Tech



1

ALABAMA
Returning Stars: RB Mark Ingram, DE Marcell Dareus
Key 2010 Out-of-Conference Game: September 11 vs. Penn State

SEPTEMBER TO REMEMBER

The first full month of the new season is loaded with pivotal matchups. These ten are mandatory viewing.

We understand. We get it. You want to be the alpha male, the king of your castle, but even you may not be able to devote every Saturday in September to watching 12 hours of college football from your couch. You've got other obligations. Like weddings, kids' birthday parties, and surfing the web for the next great amateur porn star. But don't worry; we're here for you. If you can't watch every college football game on the docket this September, here are the ten you should set aside for appointment viewing. They'll be the ones that shape the BCS picture come December.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2: Pittsburgh at Utah, on Versus

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4: LSU vs. North Carolina (in Atlanta), on ABC; Oregon State at TCU (in Dallas), on ESPN

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6: Boise State vs. Virginia Tech, on ESPN

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11: Miami (Florida) at Ohio State, on ESPN; Penn State at Alabama, on ESPN; Florida State at Oklahoma, TBA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18: Nebraska at Washington, on ABC

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23: Miami at Pittsburgh, on ESPN

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25: Oregon State at Boise State, on ABC

EYES ON THE PRIZE

The Top 5 Heisman Trophy hopefuls.

5 KELLEN MOORE, QB, Boise State

Moore leads an accomplished Broncos squad that returns 11 starters on offense. He was the nation's most efficient passer in 2009, throwing for 39 touchdowns and just three interceptions during Boise's undefeated Fiesta Bowl–winning season. He received ten first-place Heisman votes last year. If Boise topples Virginia Tech on September 6, expect plenty more in 2010.

4 CASE KEENUM, QB, Houston

Before Houston's 2009 season hit the skids with a pair of losses in December, Keenum was a legitimate Heisman candidate. He completed 70.3 percent of his passes for a jaw-dropping (and nation-leading) 5,671 yards, becoming only the second player in Division I history to top 5,000 yards passing in back-to-back seasons. With even better receivers to throw to this season, look for him to make it three years in a row.

3 DION LEWIS, RB, Pittsburgh

If Pitt is half as good as we expect them to be in 2010, Lewis will have his invitation to the Heisman presentation ceremony in New York by late September. He was the nation's third-leading rusher in 2009, and we fully expect him to tear up the Big East and lead his Panthers to a conference title in 2010. Anything else would be a disappointment.

2 TERRELLE PRYOR, QB, Ohio State

Pryor has been much-hyped since his freshman season in 2008, and we say this is the year he puts it all together. Fresh off a heroic Rose Bowl effort last January and aided by NFL-caliber talent at just about every position around him, Pryor should lead Ohio State back into the BCS title picture. All eyes will be focused on his one-on-one showdown with Miami QB Jacory Harris on September 11.

1 MARK INGRAM, RB, Alabama

The first and still only back-to-back Heisman Trophy winner is Ohio State running back Archie Griffin, who won the award in 1974 and 1975. Ingram, the do-everything junior tailback who won the Heisman (and a national title) last season, has a good shot at matching Griffin's feat. In '09, Ingram broke Alabama's long-standing single-season rushing record, churning out 1,658 yards and 17 touchdowns. He has the bulk of the Alabama offense returning with him this year. We wouldn't bet against him.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) BOYD IVEY/ICON SMI, AARON M. SPRECHER/ICON SMI, TIM STEADMAN/ICON SMI, ROB TRINGALI/SPORTSCHROME/GETTY IMAGES, CHRIS WILLIAMS/ICON SMI, TIM STEADMAN/ICON SMI

CAROLINA THUNDER

The Tar Heels' smash-mouth defense is gunning to put the traditional basketball powerhouse on the college-football map for the first time.

NORTH CAROLINA coach Butch Davis is no stranger to talent-loaded defenses. In 2001, the Miami Hurricanes defense constructed by Davis led the nation in scoring defense, pass defense, and turnover margin en route to an undefeated BCS championship season. That unit—which featured *seven* future NFL stars in Ed Reed, Phillip Buchanon, Jerome McDougle, William Joseph, Mike Rumph, D. J. Williams, and Jon Vilma—also scored eight touchdowns of its own, and is regarded as one of the top defensive corps in college-football history. Nine years later, at North Carolina, Davis is again blessed with an overflow of individual talent on defense. The 2010 Tar Heels return 10 of 11 starters from a unit that ranked sixth in the nation in total defense last season. Comb through any of the ridiculously premature 2011 NFL mock drafts on the internet, and you'll see anywhere from four to seven Tar Heels defenders listed as first-round picks. Those mock drafts may vary (wildly) in accuracy, but Tar Heel defensive tackle Marvin Austin, defensive end Robert Quinn, and linebackers Bruce Carter and Quan Sturdivant are almost certain to go early in next spring's NFL draft. The six-foot-five-inch, 260-pound Quinn had 11 sacks and six forced fumbles last season; the six-foot-three-inch, 305-pound Austin racked up 42 tackles and four sacks while clogging up the middle; and Carter and Sturdivant, the team leaders, accounted for 95 tackles combined. In Kendric Burney, Deunta Williams, and Charles Brown, Davis has three preseason All-ACC defensive backs. All 11 of UNC's defensive starters should make one of the post-season All-ACC teams.

UNC's offense—led by quarterback T. J. Yates, running back Shaun Draughn, and wide receiver Greg Little, all seniors—should be just competent enough to ensure BCS bowl contention in 2010.

That's a place Butch Davis hasn't visited in years. And it's a place the Tar Heels haven't visited ... ever.

Celebrity

What makes a celebrity sex icon? Whether the legend is borne of spectacular prowess, racking up an exponential number of groupies, or bedding the hottest stars in Hollywood, these celebs have earned their seduction stripes. Here's to the new generation of legendary lovemakers, male and female.

By Meirav Devash

THE LEADING LADIES

(And we use the term "ladies" loosely.) Watch out, boys, these wanton women will chew you up.

PARIS HILTON

Women love to hate this sexed-up socialite nearly as much as men love to annoy them by lusting after her modelesque bod, blonde mane, and oddly adorable lazy eye. Plus, she's loaded and loves to get loaded—all in all, a good-time party girl. And although she's been linked to D-listers (Nick Carter), dirtbags (Joe Francis), and bazillionaire playboys (Paris Latsis, Stavros Niarchos), Hilton recently told *Glamour* magazine that she's "only ever done it with a couple of people." That's right—she claimed she's only slept with whoever it was she lost her virginity to and Rick Salomon (of *1 Night in Paris* fame; there was no denying that one). That can only mean one thing: This overexposed celebutante doesn't kiss and tell. Yet another reason men love her.

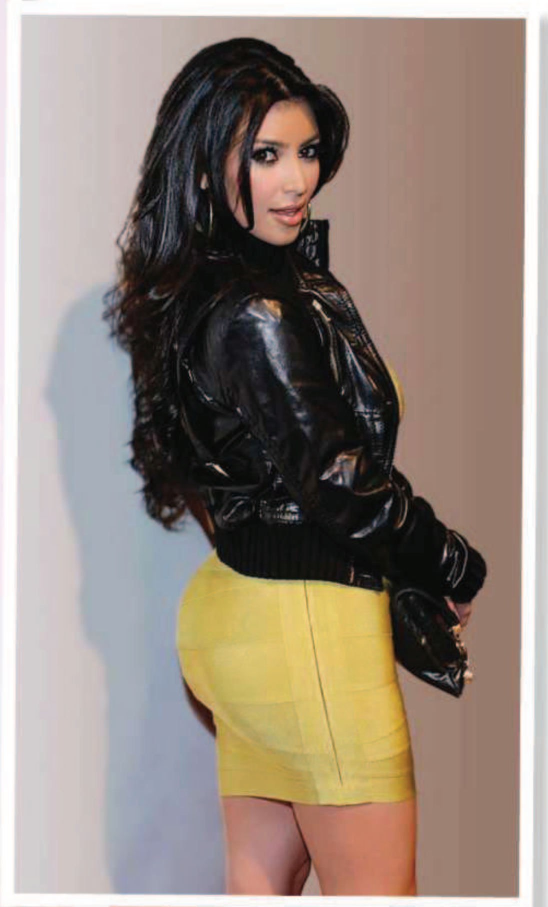
PAMELA ANDERSON

Blonde, busty, and invariably ready for anything, this sex symbol is the ultimate MILF. The *Borat* babe has shown off her considerable assets in two decades of nude pictorials (as well as two leaked sex tapes with Tommy Lee and Bret Michaels), but her history of seduction doesn't end there. Donna D'Errico (former *Baywatch* colleague and ex-wife of Nikki Sixx) once told *Metal Sludge*, "If she had as many dicks sticking out of her as she's had sticking in her, she'd look like a porcupine." Some may consider that an insult; we hope Anderson takes it as a compliment to her dedication to intimacy. If it takes 10,000 hours of practice to master a craft, she must be well on her way to being a bona fide sex expert. Plus, at 43, she's still hotter than most twentysomethings.

Sex Files

TILA TEQUILA

You know that girl you dated in college who was so bat-shit crazy you had to dump her, but you couldn't because she was so damn good in bed? Ditch the diploma and you've got this self-made train wreck you can't help wanting to take home. The former nude model went mainstream on MTV's bisexual dating show, *A Shot at Love With Tila Tequila,* but apparently still hasn't found what she's looking for. She has reportedly dated a miscellany of both genders, including Bobby Banhart, winner of her show's second season; daughter of Yahoo! CEO Courtenay Semel; the late heiress Casey Johnson, whom Tequila posthumously referred to as her "wife"; Billy Corgan; Ray J; and Shawne Merriman. Earlier this year, she tweeted (and deleted) several updates on her pregnancy by a "multi-platinum solo rapper." The Game stepped up to deny he was the daddy, and Tequila's lady lumps still don't include a baby bump. See? Bat-shit crazy. But just one night with her would make it all worth our while.



KIM KARDASHIAN

Jennifer Lopez was forced to turn in her Best Butt title once the world caught sight of Kardashian's kaboose in her wildly viral 2007 sex tape. She may be built like an Armenian sex doll, but this socialite-turned-reality-star is no dummy. She's used her cartoonish curves to snare one famous dude after another: music producer Damon Thomas, R&B singer and sex-tape costar Ray J, and boy bander Nick Lachey, to name a few. Now that she's followed Mom's lead (her stepdad is Olympic gold medalist Bruce Jenner) by snagging top-earning athletes of her own, including on-again/off-again boyfriend and NFL star Reggie Bush, she may be finished starfucking for the moment. Whatever she does, we'll be watching her back.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) KENNETH JOHANSSON/CORBIS, JACKSON LEE/SPLASH NEWS, JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC, RD/KABIK/RETNA DIGITAL

MADONNA

Welcome to Cougartown, indeed. We hardly need to justify our love for the man-eating pop icon who built her brand on pushing sexual boundaries. She worked her way into the spotlight and had a thing with music producer Jellybean Benitez before hitting the A-list (Sean Penn), bedding persons of interest every step of the way (alleged hookups: Lenny Kravitz, Sandra Bernhard, Vanilla Ice, Dennis Rodman, David Blaine). Of late, the mother of reinvention has taken to younger dudes (Carlos Leon, Guy Ritchie, Jesus Luz), confirming her ultimate cougar status. In fact, her persistent sluttiness is the foundation for virtually every provocative pop artist today; before Madonna's sexual revolution, female singers relied on their voices rather than their vaginas to get noticed. Now there's a bounty of pole-dancing-inspired choreography and scanty cleavage-revealing costumes to enjoy, and we have Her Madgesty to thank. God save the Queen of Pop.

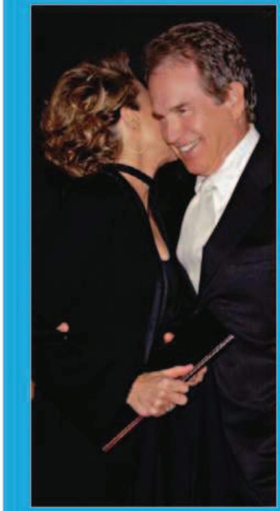
Reform-School Grads

Tiger Woods isn't the only horndog to put his junk on lockdown. These carnally prone celebrities also have tried self-restraint.

SCOTT BAIO

Linked to: Erin Moran, Pamela Anderson, Denise Richards, Nicolette Sheridan, Erika Eleniak, Heather Locklear, Beverly D'Angelo, Melissa Gilbert, Liza Minnelli, and a full year's worth of Playboy Playmates.

Neutered? Maybe. After confronting many of his bed-buddies on the reality show *Scott Baio Is 45 ... and Single,* he married model Renee Sloane and starred in *Scott Baio Is 46 ... and Pregnant*. The couple had a baby girl in 2007.



WARREN BEATTY

Linked to: Jane Fonda, Stephanie Seymour, Janice Dickinson, Julie Christie, Diane Keaton, Madonna, Cher, and 12,768 other women, if you abide by the recent biography *Star: How Warren Beatty Seduced America.*

Neutered? Yes. The Casanova married Annette Bening in 1992 and fathered four children. Now, at 73 years old, he's probably more worried about getting it up than spreading his seed.

JESSE JAMES

Linked to: Penthouse Pet Janine Lindemulder, Melissa Smith, Brigitte Daguerre, Michelle "Bombshell" McGee.

Neutered? Seems like maybe he could be. After claims of infidelity took over the gossip headlines, James admitted on *Nightline* that he "took a perfect marriage ... and threw it away." He checked himself into sex rehab in the hopes of winning back Academy Award–winning wife Sandra Bullock, who filed for divorce. "It's because of my poor judgment that I deserve everything bad that is coming my way," he said in a March public apology. *Awww.*

KENDRA JADE

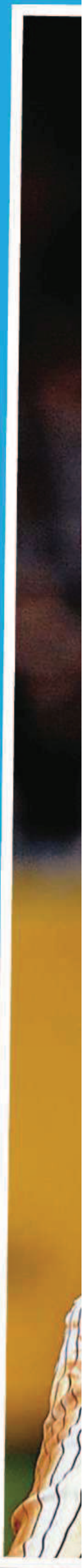
Linked to: Jerry Springer, B-Real, Sebastian Bach, Leonardo DiCaprio, Taime Downe, Eminem, Ripper Owens, Bret Michaels, Joey Fatone, Mike Gange of *The Howard Stern Show*. She worked a two-week stint at the Bunny Ranch as a legal prostitute and starred in several adult movies, including *The World's Biggest Bang-Off,* in which she had anal relations with 34 men.

Neutered? Maybe. The promiscuous porn star retired from the biz in 2001, married *Rock Star: Supernova* winner Lukas Rossi, and checked into *Sex Rehab With Dr. Drew*. She and her husband spend much of their time placing animals in safe homes with the pet-adoption agency Rock Star Rescue.

TED KENNEDY

Linked to: The politico claimed in unpublished material from his autobiography that he bedded more than 1,000 women, and paid at least $10 million in hush money to keep it quiet.

Neutered? Yes. He's dead.

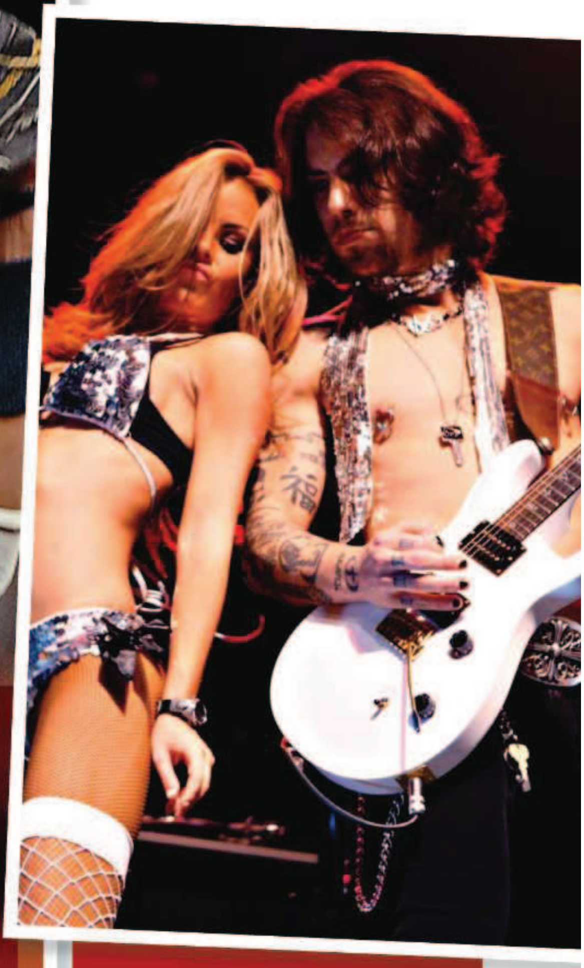


THE LEADING MEN

When NBA baller Wilt Chamberlain died, his No. 1 Womanizer status became woefully unoccupied. These guys have been doing their best to fill his extra-large shoes, frequently living out our dreams in the process.

A-ROD

Yankees third baseman Alex Rodriguez is a home-run magnet—on and off the field. Over the years, the multimillionaire slugger's weakness for women has made it rain ungodly amounts of money upon high-priced strippers, swingers' clubs, and upscale escorts from Toronto to California. Those sexploits proved his MVP (Most Venerable Penis) status—and finally drove his exasperated wife, Cynthia, to leave him single and ready to mingle in 2008. A-Rod got down and dirty—gratis!—with notorious Manhattan Madam Kristin Davis, had "an affair of the heart" with Madonna, and swept two A-list actresses off their feet: first Kate Hudson, then Cameron Diaz. One past fling reported that Rodriguez has two paintings of himself as a sexy centaur hanging over his bed. No matter how funny that is, he's the one laughing all the way to the bank, where he simply withdraws more money to impress more unbelievably hot women who would look at us twice only if we had the body of a horse.



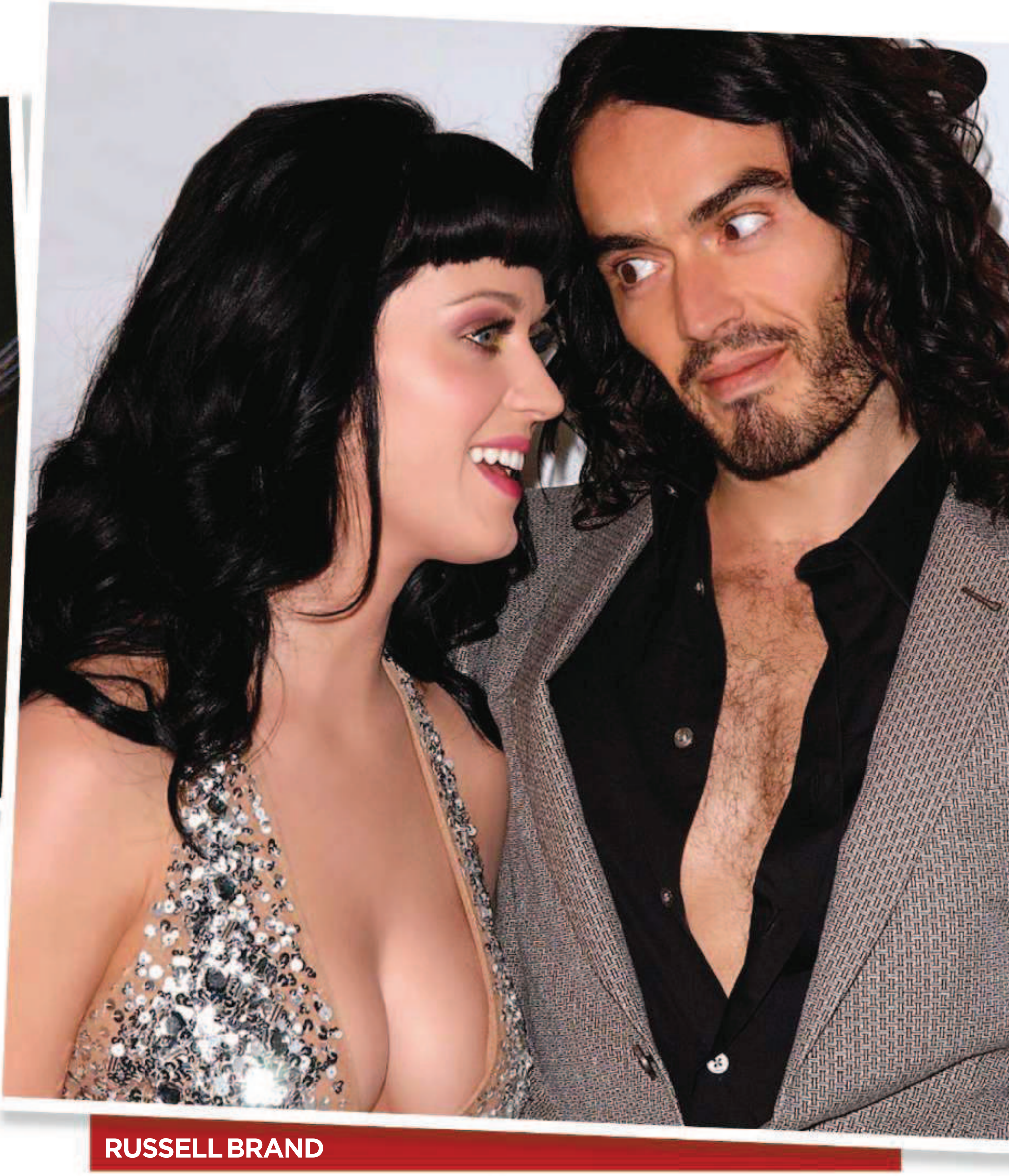
DAVE NAVARRO

Creative facial hair, smudgy guyliner, and a sexually ambiguous air are the secrets to this Jane's Addiction rocker's sex appeal. Somehow, no woman with breast implants is immune—he has been linked to Jenna Jameson (he claims she was just "okay" in bed), Jayden James, Stormy Daniels, Daisy de la Hoya, and Jessie Lee, who told Howard Stern of Navarro's penchant for being spat on and roughed up. Even ex-wife Carmen Electra couldn't tame his appetite for distraction. During their marriage, they "had an arrangement at home," Navarro told Greg Fitzsimmons on the latter's radio show in 2009. "I was allowed to do whatever the fuck I wanted to do as long as I kept it away from her." Navarro even found a niche in the porn industry, partnering with Teravision to direct the adult film *Broken,* starring Sasha Grey, and winning Best High End All-Sex Release at the 2008 AVN awards. Can we have your life, please?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) ALL ACTION/RETNA LTD. CHELSEA LAUREN/WIREIMAGE, SARA DE BOER/RETNA LTD, PHIL MCCARTEN/GETTY IMAGES, FERNANDO LEON/RETNA, WERNER BRAUN/RETNA LTD., ANTHONY J. CAUSI/ICON SMI/RETNA LTD. RD/KABIK/RETNA DIGITAL

LEMMY KILMISTER

The scruffy muttonchops. The gravelly voice. The abundant moles. The sexagenarian Motörhead frontman may not be a looker, but he's been fulfilling his Orgasmatron status for decades. In 2006, he was placed in the Top Ten on *Maxim*'s Living Legends of Sex list for bedding 1,200 women. But the humble Kilmister won't take credit for deeds undone—he puts the number at around 1,000, telling the *St. Petersburg Times,* "I've been [having sex] since I was 15. That [number is] pretty reasonable after that many years." Kilmister has no plans to slow down. He's been rocking out on a European tour, drinking a bottle of Jack Daniels a day, and in March he debuted *Lemmy,* a documentary about his life, at Austin's South by Southwest Film Festival—to the delight of hipsters and metalheads alike. As long as his cool factor keeps rising, groupies' panties will continue to fall.



RUSSELL BRAND

This bed-hopping Brit with the fashion credo of a cross-dressing pirate and the vocabulary of an English professor started his sex-capades early—on a Thai sex tour with his father at the tender age of 16. Since then, the pickup-artist-turned-comedian has been chasing tail, landing himself in sex rehab in 2005—before David Duchovny and Dr. Drew made it chic to cockblock yourself. How many women have seen Brand's bell end? He's put the number at around 2,000, which earned him *The Sun*'s Shagger of the Year award in 2006, 2007, and 2008. His conquests were so impressive (and reportedly included Sadie Frost, Kate Moss, and Courtney Love) that the paper renamed the prize the Russell Brand Shagger of the Year Award. "I wasn't promiscuous, just thorough," he clarified on UK's GMTV. Currently he's boning fiancée Katy Perry (above), the pop tart who kissed a girl and liked it. Here's to shared interests.

Sex Degrees of Kevin Bacon

Trying to connect any working actor to the Baconator through their film roles in six steps or less is a popular game in and out of Hollywood. But what about through bodily fluids? Tougher, since Bacon has been married to Kyra Sedgwick for more than 20 years, and neither has had even a hint of scandal. Still, we managed to find these kinky Kevin connections:

Six degrees: Kevin Bacon was in *Wild Things* with Matt Dillon who dated Cameron Diaz who dated Justin Timberlake who dated Jessica Biel who dated Derek Jeter who dated MARIAH CAREY.

Five degrees: Kevin Bacon was in *Flatliners* with Julia Roberts who dated Liam Neeson who dated Brooke Shields who married Andre Agassi who dated BARBRA STREISAND.

Three degrees: Kevin Bacon was in *Sleepers* with Brad Pitt who dated Robin Givens who was married to MIKE TYSON.

Who's Your Daddy?

Some men collect notches on their bedposts —these studs rack up children. Here, our Top Ten celebrity baby-makers.

NAVEEN ANDREWS
2 biological children,
2 baby mamas

The *Lost* star earned his seducer stripes early, falling for his high school math teacher, moving in with her at 18, and knocking her up six years later. A brief blip in his long-term relationship with cougar Barbara Hershey—a fling with actress Elena Eustache—gave him his second son in 2006.

JUDE LAW
4 biological children,
2 baby mamas

After siring three kids with his ex-wife, actress Sadie Frost, then cheating on fiancée Sienna Miller with the nanny, Law put a bun in model Samantha Burke's oven. Daughter Sophia was born in 2009.

LIL WAYNE
4 biological children,
3 baby mamas

This heavily tattooed rapper has four kids, but what's truly impressive is that two of them were born in 2009—to two different women. At this rate, he could single-handedly fill an elementary school by 2015.

OSCAR DE LA HOYA
5 biological children,
4 baby mamas

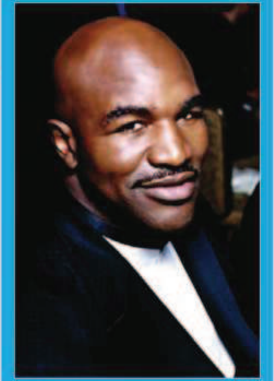
Between February 1998 and March 1999, the pretty-boy pugilist had three children with three women—one of whom was Shanna Moakler (former Miss USA and rocker Travis Barker's ex). De la Hoya and his wife, Puerto Rican singer Millie Corretjer, had a son in 2005 and a daughter in 2007.

DIDDY
5 biological children,
3 baby mamas

The music mogul should consider changing his nickname to "Daddy"; between hit records and flop reality shows, he fathered three children with ex Kim Porter, one with a prior girlfriend, and—after a DNA test—took responsibility for his latest baby, Chance, in 2007.

SHAWN KEMP
7 biological children,
6 baby mamas

Sports Illustrated confirmed seven children in a 1998 cover story, but the rumor mill puts the number as high as 13 to date, making the NBA All-Star an easy target for commentator's jokes and a walking advertisement for condom manufacturers.

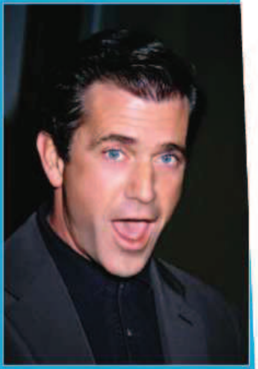


EVANDER HOLYFIELD
9 biological children,
6 baby mamas

The four-time heavyweight champ may have lost part of his ear to Mike Tyson, but we know his other body parts are intact—so far, he has fathered nine children with six women, though some reports put the number of kids at 11.

CALVIN MURPHY
14 biological children,
9 baby mamas

The former Houston Rocket and TV commentator must have a rocket in his pants. While he's clearly capable of sperminating his own basketball-team roster, he might want to try his hand at coaching them to victory.

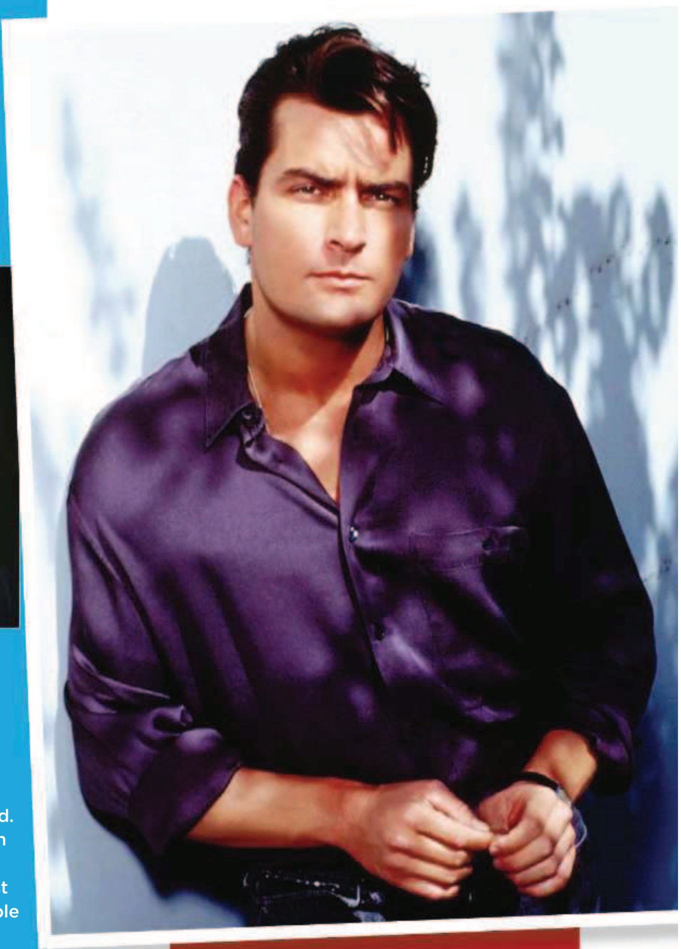


MEL GIBSON
8 biological children,
2 baby mamas

This box-office big shot raised seven children with wife Robyn before their April 2009 divorce, but recently added to his brood. Gibson's girlfriend, Russian singer Oksana Grigorieva, gave birth to a baby girl last October—though the couple called it splitsky in March.

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS
57+ biological children,
untold baby mamas

The original bluesman and shock rocker who sang "I Put a Spell on You" also put a spell on the world after his 2000 death: It was discovered that Hawkins estimated that he had fathered around 57 children (outside estimates put the number as high as 76). JaysKids.com, a now-defunct website dedicated to finding all of Hawkins's offspring, did its best to reunite the stranger siblings, all of whom received bupkis in terms of posthumous payouts.



BAD-BOY POSTER CHILD CHARLIE SHEEN

If anyone's got a lucky horseshoe shoved up his ass, it's the highest-paid actor on TV. A lifetime of Hollywood wild-child antics, numerous hooker scandals, rampant drug use, and several arrests have neither scared him straight nor changed his ways—in fact, on the heels of every disaster comes an even hotter girlfriend. Case in point: In 1990, he accidentally shot girlfriend Kelly Preston. His prize? He married model/actress Donna Peele, whom he left several months later. His reward? Steamy relationships with porn stars Ginger Lynn and Heather Hunter. After overdosing on cocaine in 1998, he was sent to rehab. His payoff? Marrying wild thing Denise Richards. Extremely ugly divorce proceedings began in 2005. Instead of that tarnishing his image, Sheen was rewarded with possibly the world's hottest real estate agent, Brooke Mueller. He was arrested for menacing and assault against her in late 2009. But not even those legal problems are breaking his lucky streak—at press time, the couple was reportedly trying to work things out, and his sentence probably won't even conflict with taping season eight of *Two and a Half Men*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) ROY VAN KLEEF/SUNSHINE RETNA LTD., CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD., JODY CORTES/RETNA LTD., ANDREW MARKS/RETNA LTD., RETNA LTD. USA, JOSEPH MARZULLO/RETNA LTD., MICHAEL OCHS/ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES, RETNA LTD./RETNA UK

oh my goddess

Isis Taylor has the name of an Egyptian goddess, the face of an angel, and lush curves that make men stop in their tracks to stare. But since being attractive means that people "think you're stupid or a bitch," as she puts it, she's embracing higher education: "I'm starting at UCLA in the fall, majoring in English. I want to be a model/porn star/published author."

Photographs by Emma Nixon

“The most sensual sex I’ve ever had was making love on a private beach in Hawaii at eight in the morning. Of course, sand got *everywhere.*”

"I love modeling. I feel way sexy when I'm half-naked in awesome outfits in front of the camera."

"I don't have a lot of spare time, but I love to read, write, play videogames, go hiking with my three dogs, and lay out by my pool."

THE BIG RIP

ISIS TAYLOR

SEPTEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MON

ITH

"The most remarkable experience ever was the first time I squirted. It was such a crazy and amazing sensation!"

ISIS TAYLOR

SEPTEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MON

ITH

Vital stats:
20 years old
5'9"; 34C-24-39

Hometown:
Sherman Oaks, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
It's the uptown version of L.A. The Valley is what people think of when they think of L.A. The shopping is great, too!

Favorite food:
Peruvian.

Favorite drink:
Jamba Juice smoothies.

Favorite music:
I love anything I can shake my ass to.

What music gets you in the mood?
Anything slow and sensual, like R&B.

Favorite vacation spot:
I love anyplace tropical, so Hawaii or Miami, minus the humidity.

Dream vacation:
I would kill to either backpack through Europe or go to Tahiti.

Favorite sport to play:
I'm not into sports, but I cheered and danced in high school.

Favorite sport to watch:
I used to be a college football fan, till Pete Carroll left USC.

Hottest movie sex scene:
Halle Berry in *Swordfish*.

Your biggest turn-on:
Intelligence and really hot girls.

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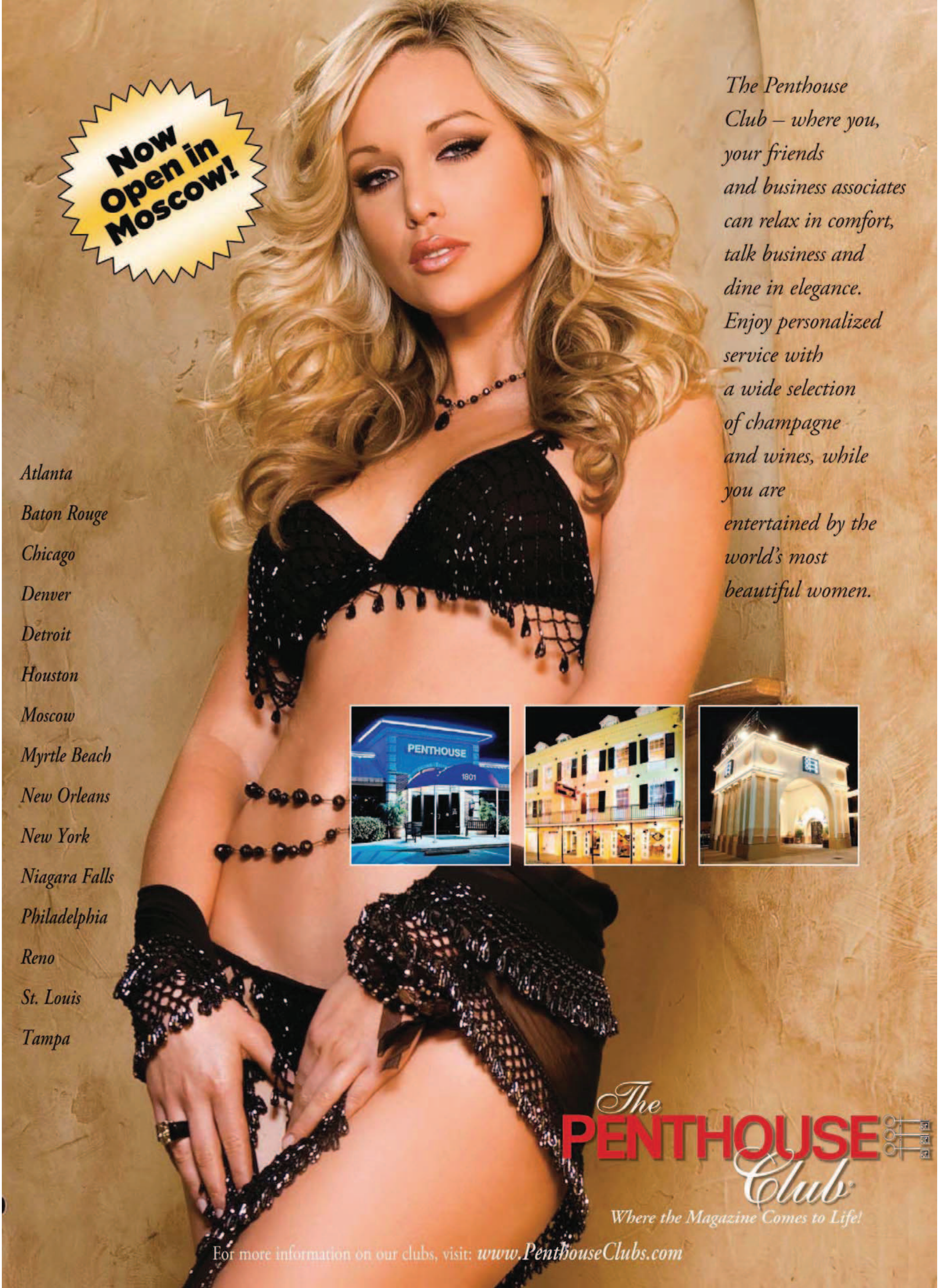

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Taylor Vixen and Veronica Ricci teamed up for a steamy photo shoot to promote their appearance at the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally.

Veronica Ricci

BIKER CHICKS

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser

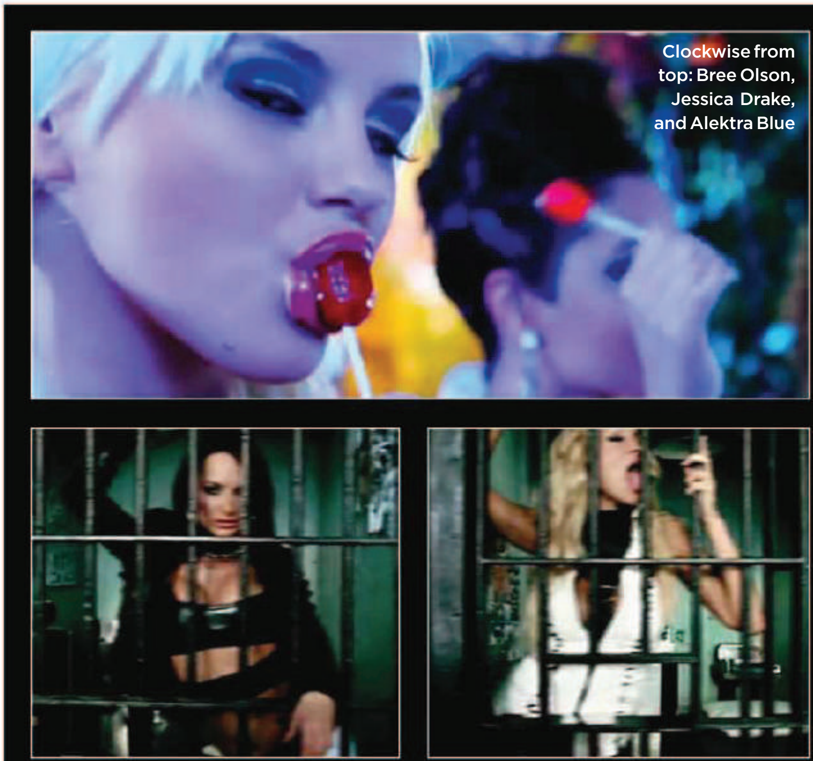
Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen and Runner-Up Veronica Ricci flew to Indiana for a pre-Sturgis Motorcycle Rally photo shoot with *Easyriders* photographer Michael "Balls" Farabaugh. The Pets were revved up to have the powerful machines between their legs, and about the rally. Taylor tells us, "I knew a lot of bikers when I lived in Dallas, and I've heard about the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally forever. I'm so excited about being a part of it." As for Veronica, she was getting ready for all the manly biker dudes. "People think bikers are men you should watch out for," she says, "but I know they're the sweetest, most respectful, and sexiest. I'm ready to party in my motorcycle boots!"

Farabaugh, whose relationship with *Penthouse* dates back several years, was equally excited about the upcoming event. "Say you have 1,000 places and things to see and do before you die—put this at No. 1. At the Monkey Rock Party, people will experience a magical kingdom of the most prestigious custom and antique motorcycles on the planet, incredible hospitality, ice-cold beer, the best shopping and vendor row this side of motorcycle heaven, and the largest gathering of relaxed motorcycle fans, including the staff of *Easyriders* magazine. This will be served up with the most delicious women on the planet when *Penthouse* delivers Taylor and Veronica—talk about eye candy."

Posters from the Pets' shoot will be available exclusively at the Monkey Rock USA Bike Builders Expo, presented by Lucas Oil; the ladies will also be making a Sturgis appearance, as well as signing autographs at Cadillac Jack's Gaming Resort, in Deadwood, South Dakota.

Taylor Vixen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BIKER CHICKS) MICHAEL FARABAUGH



Clockwise from top: Bree Olson, Jessica Drake, and Alektra Blue

Pets on Film

Now that the public is embracing adult stars at every opportunity, it's no surprise that Pets are making the leap to mainstream material.

American pop culture is being invaded by porn stars crossing over into the mainstream, including April 2008 Pet of the Month Alektra Blue and March 2008 Pet Bree Olson, both of whom can be seen in recent music videos from top artists. Alektra and fellow adult star Jessica Drake appear as inmates in the opening sequence of Lady Gaga's video for "Telephone." As Lady Gaga is led through the prison, Jessica licks the bars salaciously while her neighbor, Alektra, glares menacingly at the new kid on the cell block.

Bree, meanwhile, can be seen in the video for Flo Rida's "Zoosk Girl," featuring T-Pain. Bree is one of the many Zoosk Girls who are in a charm-school setting so they can learn from the hip-hop artists. "It's funny, because I'm the only blonde in the video," Bree says with a laugh. "I stick out like a sore thumb. But everyone was really cool, so it was a lot of fun!"

Bree, who's been a fan of T-Pain's since he worked with *Saturday Night Live*'s Andy Samberg on the rap parody "I'm on a Boat," was thrilled to work with him: "I'm always walking around singing 'I'm on a Boat,' so I couldn't say no. I'd never really thought about doing music videos, but for someone I'm a fan of, it was definitely worth it."

When she met T-Pain on set, she became even more enamored of him. "You have this image of what a rapper will be like," she says. "You see him in his video and he has all the chains and the sunglasses, and I was expecting him to be the stereotypical rapper. And then I'm walking down the hall and I hear someone calling my name. I turn around and it was T-Pain. All I could think was, *Oh, my God, I didn't even know he knew who I was!* And he was so proper, so friendly, and I was just taken aback. It was not what I expected at all. He was so sweet."

Playing Nic

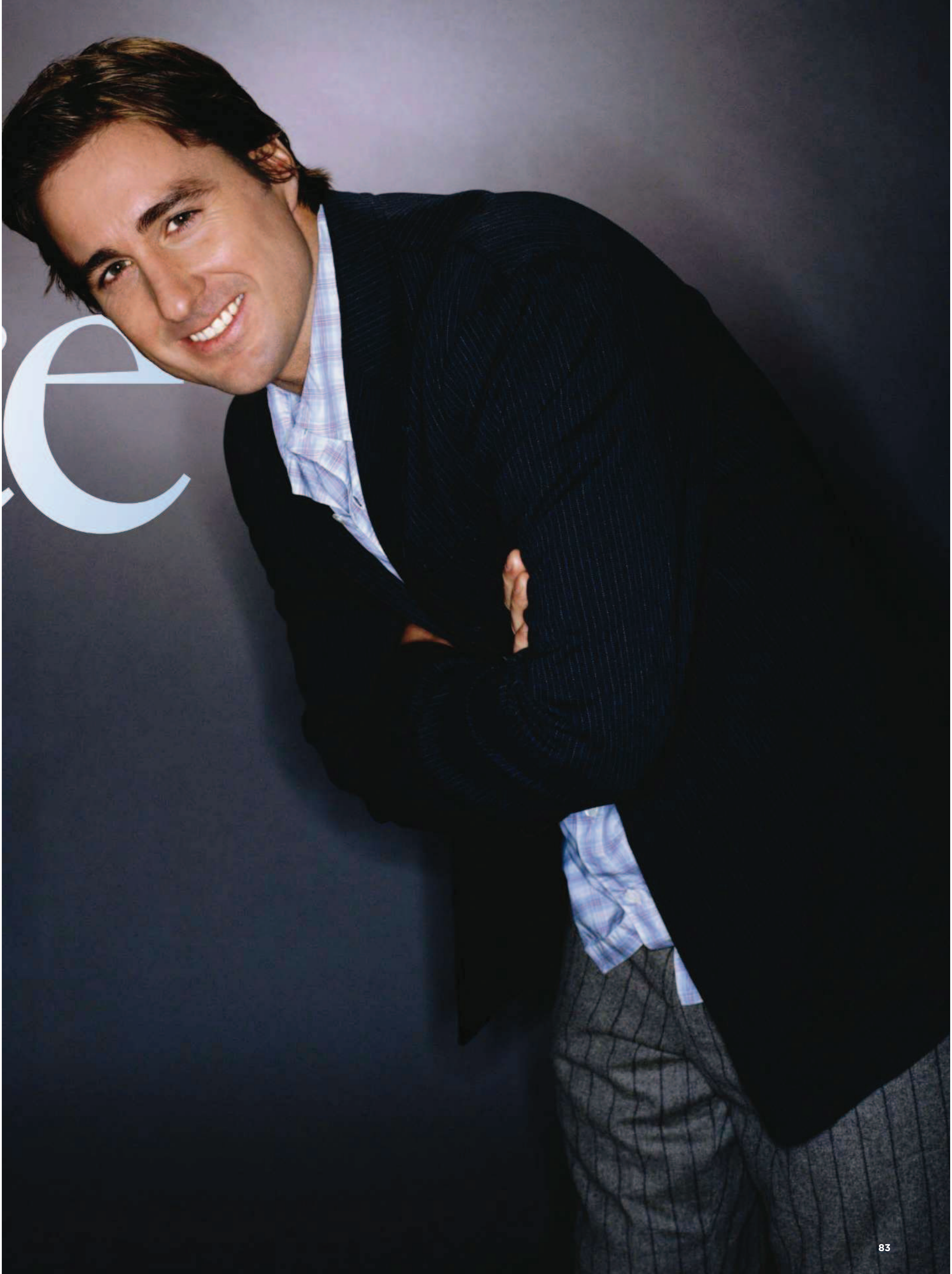
This down-to-earth 38-year-old from Dallas has turned his knack for portraying the safe, charming boyfriend into a rock-solid career.

By Craig Modderno

Luke Wilson has spent several years being typecast as the affable, handsome, and reliable boyfriend/leading man (*Charlie's Angels, Legally Blonde*), with side trips into lowbrow comedy (*Old School, Idiocracy*) and low-budget indies (*Bottle Rocket, The Royal Tenenbaums, Rushmore*). Recently the Dallas native even parlayed his nice-guy image into a lucrative series of TV commercials for AT&T.

But in the new drama *Middle Men,* set in the early e-commerce days of 1995 and based on a true story, Wilson's cinematic counterpart, businessman Jack Harris, has his life turned inside out. Harris, a family man with a successful career fixing problem companies, meets two troubled geniuses who have invented an extremely profitable way for adult entertainment to be sold over the internet. When Harris agrees to help steer their business, he gets mixed up with a Russian mob boss (Rade Serbedzija), a corrupt lawyer (played with slimy conviction by James Caan), a scary loan shark (Robert Forster; this character could be an evil twin to Forster's Academy Award–nominated turn in *Jackie Brown*), a 23-year-old porn star (Laura Ramsey), and the FBI, all while becoming rich beyond his wildest dreams.

This excellent excursion into the highly profitable world of online porn was cowritten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and directed by George Gallo, who wrote the classic Charles Grodin and Robert De Niro buddy pic *Midnight Run*. Gallo believes Wilson's image suits his character perfectly. "I wanted an actor the audience would like," Gallo said, "someone they'd want to share this unusual true adventure with. Personally, Luke has many of the charming, bright qualities of the man he's portraying, Chris Mallick. But when he gets strong-armed by the mob, his drugged-out clients' lawyer, and the government, Luke—like his intelligent yet naive character—shows a steely anger he hasn't had a chance to display in his films previously."

Mallick, now a Hollywood-based film producer who's developing projects with Oliver Stone and Kevin Costner, adds, "In *Middle Men,* Luke gets to show the qualities Gary Cooper had in *High Noon*. At some point both their characters' lives are threatened, their most important relationship is in peril, and the only way they can survive is to fight back."

Is your character a good guy or a bad guy?
Definitely a good guy, but that's one of the things that made it interesting to me: that noble quality [he had] while being in a bad business. To me he's like an oil driller looking for his fortune who finds a well that produces more oil—hence money—than he ever dreamed of. When the well takes off, it consumes his life and thus he loses perspective along the way of the values that got him there.

Since the adult industry is estimated to bring in $12 billion a year, why is *Middle Men* the first mainstream film besides the critically acclaimed *Boogie Nights* to be set against the backdrop of the porn world?
That's an interesting question. I don't know. Probably a lack of good scripts about it. *Boogie Nights* had an excellent script, a talented director, and was fun to watch. These are qualities *Middle Men* also has. I often have a hard time watching films I'm in, but I've enjoyed watching this because it rocks along while putting in a lot of cool information that you wouldn't otherwise know.

Such as?
The one line where I say, "So you're telling me that [hotel owners] Steve Wynn and Barron Hilton are pornographers?" You never really think like that, but any hotels or hotel chains that allow you to order adult films in your rooms are making lots of money from the porn industry. Think about it: Without leaving your hotel room, you can order a family film like *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs* or the adult film *Cloudy With Meat on Your Balls,* which I suspect someone in the porn world will make, once they read this story [*laughs*]. If you only knew how many right-wing conservative Republicans make millions of dollars by owning businesses connected to the porn world, you'd realize why few, if any, politicians are advocating getting rid of porn.

> "If you only knew how many right-wing conservative Republicans make millions of dollars by owning businesses connected to the porn world...."

What kind of research did you do for this role?
I've never played a real person, which was one reason I was happy Chris [Mallick] offered to guide me through his former world. We filmed it in Arizona, and I was introduced to women the public wouldn't know, but who make six figures yearly because they get thousands of hits on their websites for doing some form of sex show. They were on our set to act in different scenes. I remember one woman had a flashlight shaped like a vagina that they wanted men to use as they pleasured themselves. Trust me when I say I never had anything or saw anyone like that on-set when I made *Legally Blonde* [*laughs*]. When I did research online, I discovered what a profitable, enormous business the porn industry truly is.

Had you watched any porn films before you got the role?
Yeah, but I didn't have any favorites. I used to have this girlfriend who would make fun of me when I would say, while watching porn [*in a thick Texas drawl*], "I like this girl. She seems like a porn star you'd want to share coffee with after she finishes servicing these 20 guys in the scene."

Does your AT&T contract have any restrictions on the kinds of roles you can play or the types of films you can make?
I don't think so; however, I never read the contract. But no restrictions were ever mentioned to me at any time. AT&T is like a small country. I'm such a tiny, near-invisible cog in their big-business machine. I don't think they'd object to me being in *Middle Men* because it's not a seedy movie. It's more like *Casino* or *Goodfellas,* a mob look at the porn industry.

In *Old School,* Will Ferrell runs down the street naked. Could Ferrell have a career as a porn actor?
[*Grins*] If he did, it would probably be a short one, if you know what I mean. Usually at the end of a day filming I can't get out of there fast enough, but that day I got a little spot on the curb just to watch Will do his thing. I could never do what he did in a million years or for a million dollars. He did the scene 50 times running out in the open in the San Fernando Valley. Since he's a pretty straight family man, I admire his ability to let it all hang out in front of a lot of strangers and go for the laughs. I would never have the guts or balls to do that.

Could your brother Owen do it?
I was thinking he's like me in that respect, but who knows? I was talking with someone who recently worked with Owen on a set and said he was in a blue leotard all day. Hopefully it was for the film.

Do Hollywood executives regard you as a star?
I don't know. Journalists know more about that than I do. I started out in an independent film called *Bottle Rocket,* then journalists reminded me that I'd played a lot of boyfriends, and now I've evolved somewhat into a leading man. I like character actors like Warren Oates, Harry Dean Stanton, and Strother Martin—people the public may not recognize but film buffs do. I've done a horror film like *Vacancy,* a kid's movie like *My Dog Skip,* a comedy like *Old School,* and offbeat stuff like *The Royal Tenenbaums*. I feel comfortable doing anything. But hopefully *Middle Men* will result in me getting more dramatic parts. I don't know what it will take to get me to the next level of stardom. Maybe if I play a superhero in a movie based on a Marvel Comics character. That seems to work for a lot of actors nowadays.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) RICO TORRES

What made you and Owen want to become actors?
It just came out of a love of movies and music when we were growing up. The only other things I was interested in were photography and journalism. Owen and his writing partner Wes Anderson were driven to make films. I just stumbled into a business that I knew and loved already. I fantasized, like a lot of guys did growing up, about wanting to be Clint Eastwood, Gene Hackman, or Jack Nicholson. I also wanted to be Jimi Hendrix, or any other great guitar player, but not being able to sing or play an instrument reduced me to performing air guitar and singing in the shower.

What's the general difference between an Owen Wilson role and a Luke Wilson role?
[*Laughs*] The hair! Oddly enough, we're constantly mistaken for each other, even though he's blonde and I've got dark hair. Since we both do comedies and are rarely offered dramas, I don't think Hollywood executives even know we're real brothers.

What's more enjoyable to do on-screen: kissing Reese Witherspoon or kicking James Caan's ass?
I got a lot of joy out of doing both. Those things satisfied a lot of different senses. Caan is a tough guy, so I suspect he didn't like being manhandled by me in *Middle Men*. Reese is a nice gal and a great kisser, and I'm glad she's back on the market.

As someone who was born and raised in Texas, what did you think of George W. Bush's presidency?
I was born and raised in a town that killed President Kennedy. I moved to a town that killed his brother Bobby. These were two great men killed in two tough towns. In terms of George W., who is nowhere near the stature of the Kennedys or his own father, I don't think he made the best decisions. I have a tough time with him getting our country into a war with Iraq and avoiding going to fight in the Vietnam War himself. I think he was in way over his head and surrounded by guys who acted like they were running a Fortune 500 company rather than a country.

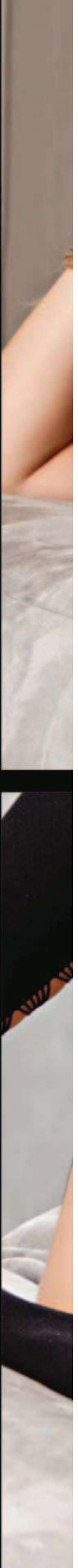
You played the president in *Idiocracy*. Would you like to go into politics?
As an actor, I think I've got the lying part down pat, so it would probably be an easy transition. I suspect it's more fun and profitable nowadays to play a politician than to be one.

back in black

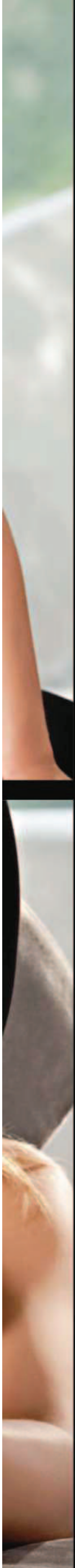
In December 2008, we introduced you to the sultry Chikita, and as soon as we saw this all-new set of photos, we realized we couldn't wait any longer to welcome back the 24-year-old model.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo

Chikita's pseudonym suits her perfectly, as she uses it to pay homage to her passion for stripping away the layers between her and her lover's firm fruit.



For these sensual photos, Chikita peeled away her own skimpy coverings to reveal the silky smooth beauty of her 36DD-24-35 figure.



This gorgeous blonde with the piercing blue-gray eyes is completely comfortable in her own skin, and in exploring her sexuality.

Posing nude has allowed Chikita to broaden her sexual horizons. She knows that a woman who has learned how to please herself will have a more satisfying sex life, both alone and with a lover.

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SEE MORE OF CHIKITA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Seeing Red

What do you get when you combine 40,000 tourists, 100 tons of tomatoes, and women in—and out of—white T-shirts getting hosed down? The best damn festival in Spain, that's what.

By Kara Wahlgren

BUÑOL IS THE KIND OF SLEEPY TOWN THAT GUIDEBOOKS CALL "CHARMING," with a few thousand residents, a tiny town square, and a few local-yokel bars—but on the last Wednesday in August, it becomes the sloppiest, stickiest, wildest spot in Spain. It's the unlikely site of La Tomatina, a raucous annual festival that's been gaining popularity as a bucket-list destination for good, dirty fun.

For exactly two hours, tens of thousands of people descend on the town's Plaza del Pueblo to hurl more than 100 tons of tomatoes at one another in the world's biggest food fight. Local shopkeepers drape their storefronts in plastic as participants spill into the streets and wait for their fresh-picked weapons—150,000 ripe tomatoes—to arrive by the truckload. At 11 A.M., a firecracker signals the start of the tomato war, and the crowd plunges into pulp-covered chaos. The rules are simple: Throw nothing but tomatoes. Don't start shit. Have fun.

With 40,000-plus people pressed against one another, sweating in the August heat, drenched in tomato juice, it's not exactly a happy place for claustrophobes. And there are always a few people who take advantage of

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINO KALIS/REUTERS/CORBIS

LA TOMATINA

the tight squeeze and get in some “accidental” groping. But for a half-naked food fight, it’s a surprisingly well-mannered affair—especially in a country known for its rowdy festivals, many of which began as religious celebrations and slowly devolved into displays of drunken debauchery and reckless machismo. The most well-known, of course, is the annual festival of San Fermín, in which a few hundred participants attempt to outrun a herd of angry bulls; for decades that was the festival of choice for tourists who wanted an experience worth rehashing over Coronas for years to come. But La Tomatina is quickly gaining in popularity, possibly because it delivers the same adrenaline rush and bragging rights without the risk of gruesome death.

La Tomatina has one more thing going for it: tits. While bull-running is generally a full-on sausage party, women gamely line up for La Tomatina wearing white T-shirts, the festival’s unofficial uniform. Then, after two hours of tomato-throwing, the final firecracker sounds and the local fire squad hoses down the mess, drenching everyone and revealing everything the pink-tinted tomato juice left to the imagination.

For a few brief minutes, the town square is a postapocalyptic cityscape of bodies, buildings, and streets soaked in red. But as quickly as the melee started, the streets are rinsed, the plastic tarps are removed, and the locals head for the bars to toast another 364 days of obscurity.

How, exactly, did the tomato tradition start? No one is really sure. It takes place during a weeklong celebration of the Virgin Mary and the town’s patron saint, San Luis Bertran, but the actual tomato-tossing has no religious significance. The prevailing rumor is, in 1945, a fight broke out during a parade and a few enterprising bystanders armed themselves with tomatoes from a street vendor’s cart. The townspeople enjoyed the brawl so much—maybe because food fights are infinitely more awesome than parades—that they did it again the following year. Initially town officials were less than thrilled and tried to kill the buzz, but eventually they accepted La Tomatina as a town tradition. They even started providing the tomatoes.

Lodging in Buñol is sparse, save for a few hostels or rentals, and before you try to book a room in the heart of the action, keep in mind there’s not much action to speak of. In the days leading up to the tomato festival, Buñol hosts parades, fireworks, and a paella-cooking contest, but if you want serious nightlife, you’ll want to set up camp in lively Valencia instead, about 30 miles away. From there, Buñol is easily accessible by bus or train.

After two hours of tomato-throwing, the fire squad hoses down the mess, revealing everything the tomato juice left to the imagination.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) HEINO KALIS/REUTERS/CORBIS, REUTERS/CORBIS, PHILIPPE DESMAZES/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, LLUIS GENE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, CARLOS ALVAREZ/GETTY IMAGES

NO
INCINERACION ACEITES HARINAS
CAMIONES DEL VERTEDERO

Tomatina Do's and Don'ts

Do

wear eye protection. The acid in tomatoes stings like a mofo.

Don't

wear your vintage Ramones concert tee. It's going to get ripped off your back, or at least stained beyond any hope of repair.

Do

squash your tomato before chucking it, because a two-pound beefsteak can leave a bruise. It's festival etiquette, so don't be the asshole.

Don't

bring your camera. We realize this would make a kickass Facebook profile photo, but a camera is considered an open invitation for merciless pelting. If you have to bring one, wrap it up and carry it in a Ziploc bag.

Do

leave valuables in your hotel room. You'll miss all the fun if you're checking your pocket every five seconds to make sure your Droid is still dry. (Spoiler alert: It isn't.)

All Day I Dream About . . .

Sex! It's true. And it's your fault, women, as our author explains.

By Drew Magary • Illustration by Tom Richmond

"All you think about is sex."

There isn't a man on earth who hasn't had that phrase thrown at him at some point by his respective wife/girlfriend/luxury escort. It's always uttered in disgust, and usually in reaction to his overtures to have sex at a supposedly inappropriate time: late at night, in the middle of an argument, during a wake, etc. The connotation is always the same: *You, Mr. Man, are a selfish prick for wanting to have sex right now. How dare you think about sex at a time like this? My cat may not survive that fall!*

I can't stand this accusation. Not because it's wrong, mind you. I do think about sex all the time, and so do you. I think about it at work, at the gym, during prostate exams, everywhere. If I'm not thinking about sex at a given moment, I will hit myself in the head to get the sexy thoughts back on track.

But I submit that it's far more selfish for a woman to bitch a man out for thinking about sex than it is for a man to be thinking about sex. Do you know what a woman is really saying when she says, "All you think about is sex"? What she's really saying is, "My need to *not* have sex right now is far more noble and important than your need to have it." She's trying to make you feel like a bad person.

This is bullshit. There's this societal perception that openly thinking about sex makes you some kind of creep, and that keeping sexual thoughts out of your mind somehow makes you a more virtuous and admirable person. Well, it doesn't. And it certainly doesn't make you a *better* person than I am. So you'd rather think about decorating than rim-jobs. Cookie for you. Be sure to put that on your résumé. Personally, I find that a good rim-job daydream is a far better use of mental energy than worrying about whether or not I need to buy a four-poster bed. That's my personal preference, and I don't think there's anything wrong with it.

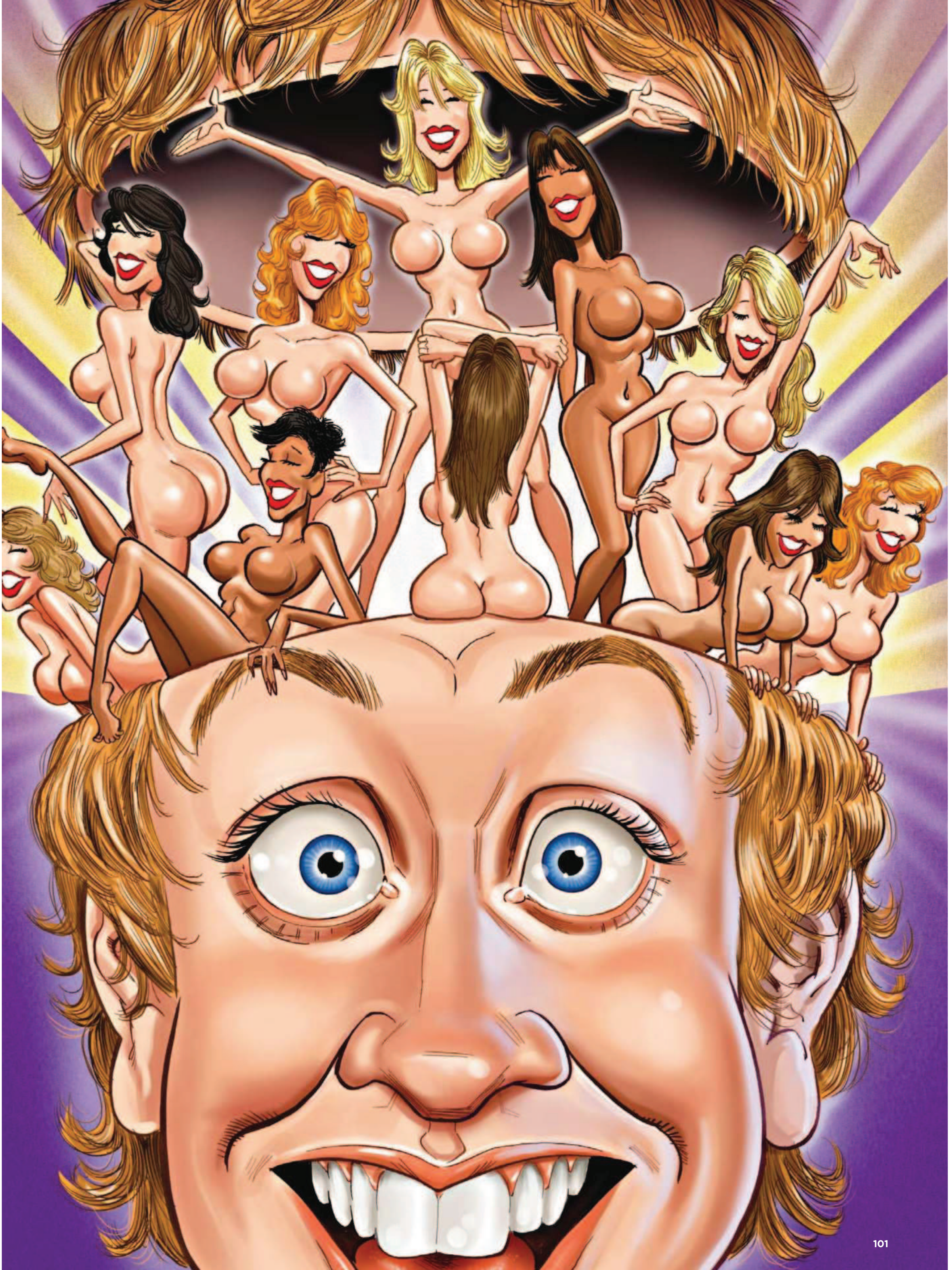
Furthermore, ripping men for thinking only about sex assumes that we have some semblance of control over our urges. We don't. It's how we are. I fail to see why I should feel so terrible for thinking about sex all the time when it's something Mother Nature has hardwired into my DNA. Getting mad at us for thinking about sex is like getting mad at us for breathing. Since the time of cavemen and shit, men have been genetically programmed to pursue sex to help propagate the species. If we didn't do that, then we wouldn't have any more species. So instead of saying, "All you think about is sex," maybe you ladies could instead say, "Why, thank you for caring about the future existence of humankind."

In fact, I have a better idea. If you womenfolk don't like us thinking about sex all the time, why don't you try *having it with us*? You see how that might alleviate the situation? The reason most men think about sex all the time is that you won't fucking give it up. If we had sex, we'd happily stop annoying you about it for at least ten minutes and go on to thinking about other things: football, grilled meats, foolproof ways to kill people and get away with it, and so on.

Now, I can kind of see the woman's side of this argument. I can sympathize just a touch. If you're having a moment of distress, probably the last thing you want is your hairy, sweaty boyfriend grabbing your ass and initiating the dry-hump process. I get that. Men are grotesque. But that's just how we are. There are more polite rebuffs to us than huffy condescension. A simple, "Sorry, dear," or "I love you, but not tonight," or, "I have crabs," will do just fine. I swear it will. Most men will happily stop pulling your inner thighs like taffy if you ask nicely.

But many women choose to ignore this and be insensitive to our needs. That's right, *insensitive*! Why are our sexual needs so easily dismissed as pathetic and unimportant? It's not just men who have a trademark on thoughtlessness, ladies! You think we're being selfish for wanting sex. That's a load of shit. We want to have sex with you because we *like* you, so much so that we're willing to do all the fucking work. It won't always be like that, you know. One day you're gonna be old and we're not gonna be as tempted to sneak up behind you when you're at the microwave and knead your boobs together. You should cherish our tawdry sexual advances now while you still can.

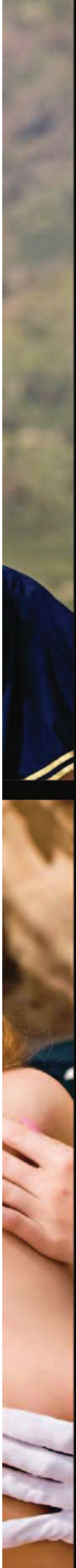
Is sex all we men think about? Goddamn right. And it's about time women respected us for it.



up in the air

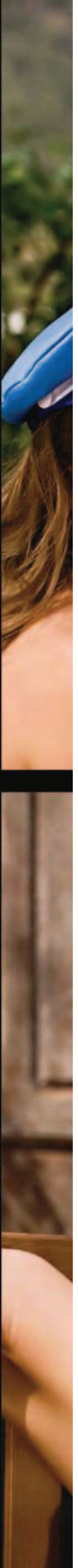
As a flight attendant, Adrienne is always jetting off somewhere, so she has little patience for flightiness from her girlfriend, Carmen. But when she sees the alterations that her golden-haired lover has made to a uniform, Adrienne knows she'll forgive her.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



Carmen's new uniform would never meet FAA standards, but it more than satisfies Adrienne. She's been planning to renew her membership in the Mile-High Club on her next flight, but now she can't wait that long.

The girls know they'll have to go through a rigorous search before they can board their flight, so they decide to get it out of the way. They're very thorough, making sure they explore each and every crevice.



They don't have time for more than a quickie if they're going to make their estimated time of departure, but they still manage to bring each other to shuddering climaxes.

Adrienne and Carmen are ready to take to the friendly skies right on time, but once they're up in the air, they'll give a repeat performance. We envy anyone who's lucky enough to catch them in the act.

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

BAD GIRL

My boyfriend is pretty vanilla when it comes to sex, whereas I'm the flip side of the coin. I've been fairly successful at getting him to try new things, but there's one thing I've held off on: asking him to spank me. It's something I enjoyed with my ex-boyfriend in the throes of a good fucking, and I miss it. How can I bring this up without him thinking there's something wrong with me?

The Pet doctor: If he thinks something is wrong with you for asking to be spanked, something is definitely wrong with him! Spanking is pretty vanilla in the twenty-first century. According to research I've seen, nearly half of all women like to be spanked, particularly during sex. When I want to be spanked, I simply turn around doggie-style, put my ass up in the air, and say, "Spank me!" So far none of the lucky men I've addressed in that manner have failed to follow my directive.

If you can't communicate with him directly, get some spanking videos to watch together. If you think those might be too shocking for him, pick up some historical erotic-art books—those almost always feature some medieval wench with her three-tiered skirt pulled up being slapped on the ass. That should spark your boyfriend's dull sexual imagination. Then, if he's still clueless, you can suggest a roleplay scenario in which you are a very naughty girl and he is a strict headmaster. Tell him your pretend school believes in corporal punishment. If he still doesn't get the message, ditch him.

The Downs side: The best way to bring it up is, as you say, in the throes of a good fucking. Even vanilla folks are often surprised by what they'll do when overcome by lust. Sometimes that's not a good thing, such as when, in the heat of the moment, people who know better nevertheless engage in high-risk sex. But lustful abandon also allows healthy bedroom breakthroughs to happen.

Don't bring up spanking with your boyfriend while you're out shopping at Walmart. Bring it up in bed, after you've teased him into a delirium of desire. Let him start fucking you from behind, then ask for it. Here's a script for you to try:

You: Oh, yeah. Spank me. Spank my ass.
Him: What?
You: Come on, smack it.
Him: Uh, okay ...
(At this point he'll give you a little pat on the bum.)
You: Harder! So I can feel it!

If he balks, keep on demanding. Remember that his dick is in you at this point, and he's not going to go away with blue balls if he can help it.

It also sounds to me like there's something about spanking that embarrasses *you*. But sex is always a little bit embarrassing, even the vanilla kind. Unless it's totally robotic and scripted, having sex strips away your veneer of self-possession and coolness. No matter who you think you are, you're just as vulnerable and silly as everyone else when you fuck.

ONE B.J., HOLD THE TEETH

My girlfriend really sucks at oral (no pun intended). My cock is average in size, so maybe her mouth is too small, because she can't suck me off without her teeth getting in the way. At first I thought she just didn't like sucking cock, so I stopped asking for blowjobs, but she really seems to want to do it. I've heard of no pain, no gain, but I really can't take it anymore and am on the verge of asking her to practice on someone else. How can she get better without torturing me in the process?

The Pet doctor: I don't think the size of her mouth has much to do with her cock-sucking ability. Perhaps her lips are too thin and she's unable to cover her teeth completely with her lips as she goes down on you. If that's the problem, then she can plump them up by injecting a filler such as Restylane or Juvedérm. But most likely her lack of cock-sucking skills is due to a lack of knowledge about fellatio. You need to be more assertive in expressing your preferences. Get a sex-education DVD, like my *Penthouse Guide to Great Sex,* and watch it together. Be sure to point out to her what you'd particularly enjoy. The best way to begin practicing is on a peeled banana. Challenge her to fellate it without scraping or breaking it. Then get her a second-skin silicone dildo to practice on. Eventually she will get the hang of it.

The Downs side: Instead of stewing over this silently, tell her, "Hey, your teeth scrape my dick when you suck it, and I don't like that. It hurts." However she might take it, it would be better than being dumped for no apparent reason.

If she doesn't know that she's doing anything wrong, you can't expect her to get better at it. *Duh.* Maybe she thinks guys like it with teeth because some other guy, in her limited experience, did. Maybe she has no idea how to give a blowjob and she's just winging it.

If you would just tell her what's the matter, I'm sure she can figure out how to please you. Then again, maybe she would be better off practicing on someone else.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) MIXA/ALAMY

CUTTING EDGE

I'm 30 years old, and have been quite happy with my uncircumcised penis, but a couple of girls have suggested I get circumcised for health reasons. Does it really make a difference?

The Downs side: No. Having a foreskin is not a health hazard. People will cite "health reasons" to complain about anything they don't like, but they rarely know what the hell they're talking about.

Next time anyone besides your doctor nags you to get circumcised for "health reasons," ask if they are HFC-certified. What is HFC certification? It's a certificate in Having a Fucking Clue, and it is hereby bestowed upon everyone who reads this column.

The vast majority of uncircumcised men have no health problems related to their foreskin. Poor hygiene can lead to infections of the foreskin, but an uncut man can easily keep his penis clean with soap and water. Studies have shown that uncircumcised men have a slightly higher risk of getting sexually transmitted infections, including HIV, compared with circumcised men. But using condoms is the most important way to prevent HIV and other sexually transmitted crud.

Cancer of the penis may be more common in uncircumcised men, but this kind of cancer is extremely rare to begin with. Good hygiene and practicing safe sex make the risk of penile cancer vanishingly small.

Wash your dick, use condoms, and you'll be okay.

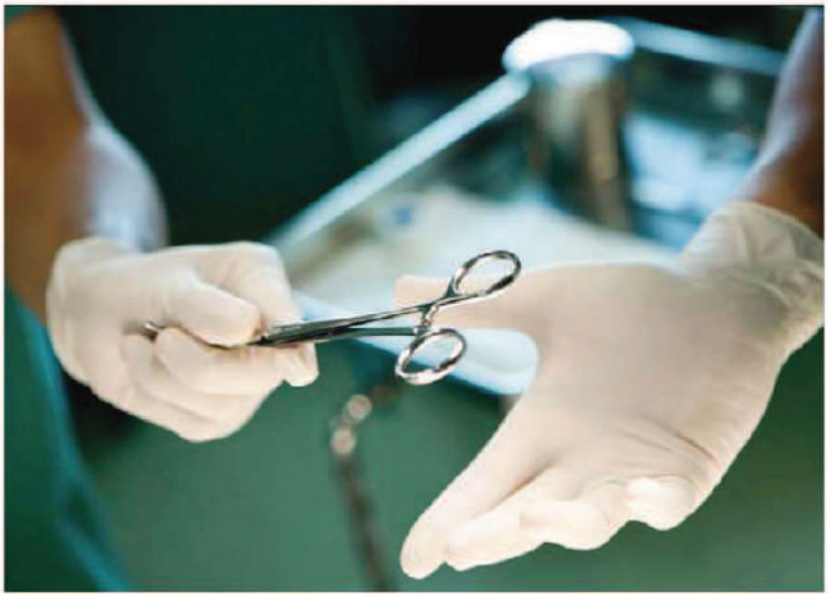
The Pet doctor: Personally, I'm not a fan of circumcision. Yes, there is some evidence that male circumcision reduces the risk of HIV and STD transmission by men during penile-vaginal sex, but it provides only minimal protection. You're better off using rubbers.

Like Martin says, if you don't practice good hygiene and wash your uncut penis regularly, grime will collect under the foreskin. That much is true. But not washing regularly—whether you're circumcised or not—is gross.

And circumcision, like any surgical procedure, can be medically risky, particularly when performed on adults. A 1999 American Medical Association report stated, "Virtually all current policy statements from specialty societies and medical organizations do not recommend routine neonatal circumcision."

When it comes to sexual pleasure, I find that uncut penises are sexier—it's like peeling a banana—and they provide more lubrication and better friction. Being from the Soviet Union, I was used to the uncut variety before I came to the United States.

Forget the suggestions of those silly girls and find ones who like uncircumcised penises—like I do.



RING MISTRESS

My girlfriend went to a sex-toy party and came home with a bag full of goodies she wants to try out. What the hell is a cock ring, and why does my girlfriend want to put one on me?

The Pet doctor: A cock ring is one of the greatest inventions in the history of sex toys. It's a ring that's placed around the base of the penis to slow the flow of blood from the erect penile tissue, which helps in maintaining an erection for a longer period of time. Cock rings can be worn around just the penis, or around both the penis and scrotum, or around the scrotum alone (in which case it's called a testicle cuff). Most guys like wearing penis rings because they amplify and prolong erections and help intensify their orgasms.

Vibrating cock rings are usually pleasurable for both the wearer and his partner, and many include clitoral stimulators—which is the one I suspect your girlfriend might be pushing you to use. These stimulators can be turned around and angled to tickle anal regions as well.

For many women, a vibrating cock ring provides that extra stimulation necessary to bring them to the Big O during intercourse. I am personally very fond of the disposable cock rings with vibrating clitoral stimulators (often called one-shots) because having to wash sex toys in the afterglow diminishes the fun.

Go ahead and follow your girlfriend's suggestion—put on that cock ring—and I'll bet that you'll love it. Just remember not to put it on too tight and not to leave it on for more than 30 minutes. If you feel any pain, discomfort, or coldness in your cock, it's time to pull it off!

The Downs side: It's funny how this is never on any of the lists of "things men should know." Fix a flat, tie a bow tie, find north without a compass, and ... use a cock ring?

It's not the kind of thing you'd learn in the Boy Scouts, but it's definitely worth knowing.

Of course, you understand that, to get an erection, your penis becomes engorged with blood. A cock ring fitted around the base of your penis lets blood flow in, but keeps it from flowing back out. Trapping more blood in the penis gives you a bigger, harder erection.

Beaded Ring Exciter

Pleasure Point Ring

Variations Leather Outlaw

Variations Two-Way Cock Ring

If your girlfriend wants you to try on a cock ring, it's as much for your benefit as it is hers. You might last longer and have more explosive orgasms when using it. But a super-swollen member may be extra sensitive, so you might find that using a cock ring makes you come more quickly. You also might not feel anything special, or it might be altogether annoying. Results can vary.

A cock ring is frequently meant to be worn around the whole package—under the balls and over the shaft. A typical cock ring is a stretchy silicone band. To put one on, start limp, or with a chubby. The balls go through the ring first, then the penis. Make the ring snug around the base of your cock and balls.

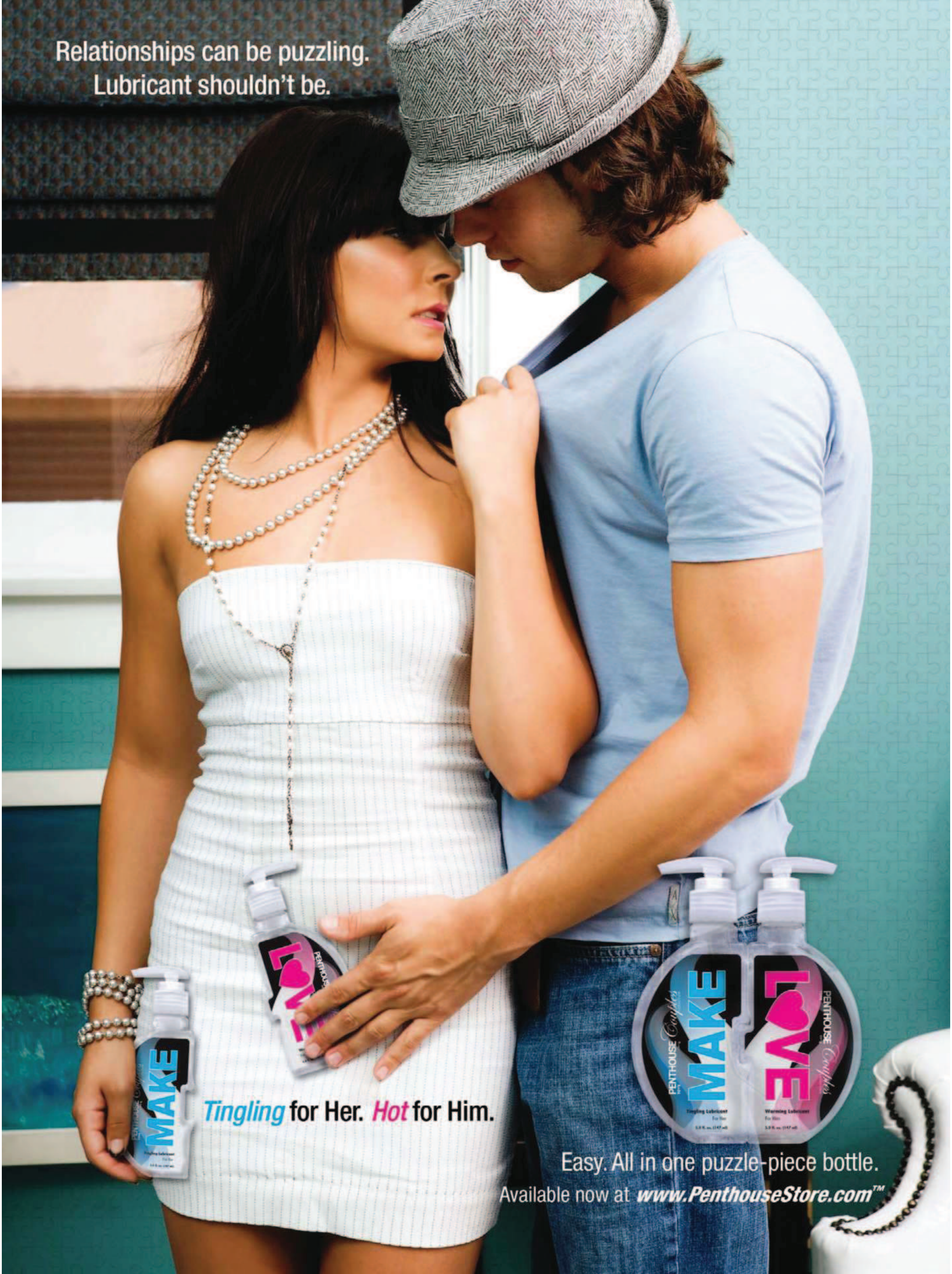
Other cock-ring varieties include adjustable straps that fasten with snaps or Velcro, and simple cords. There are solid-metal cock rings, too, but those are not recommended for beginners. As a general rule, keep a cock ring on for no more than 30 minutes at a time, or you'll risk permanent damage to your penis.

Have you ever lamented being second-best to your lady's vibrating toy? Maybe you like the feeling of vibration during sex, but don't like the clumsiness of a handheld vibrator? You can buy cock rings with a little "bullet" vibe attachment, as well as various patented designs that add multipronged, vibrating functionality.

It would help to road test your cock ring to see how it feels. Masturbate with it on before trying it with your girlfriend. If you like it, add it to your gear; if not, use it to organize your electronics cables.

Now, would someone please teach me how to tie a bow tie?

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.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Shift Change

When one woman takes her laptop in for repair, she gets excellent customer service—and some very personal attention—from three tech-savvy geeks.

By Emerald • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

I HOISTED THE SHOULDER STRAP ON MY BRIEFCASE as I headed through the mall. When I reached the Apple Store, I went straight back to the Genius Bar, aka the technical-support centers of the Apple world. The Genius behind it asked if he could help me as I pulled my MacBook Pro from my briefcase and set it between us. His name tag read "Jake," and I introduced myself and explained that my laptop wasn't getting past the gray loading screen upon startup. He nodded once, businesslike, and plugged in my computer before flipping it open and pushing the power button.

I took a closer look at him. Upon first glance I hadn't found him particularly attractive, but he seemed right on the line between classic tech geek and understated sexiness. His expression was serious as he typed and clicked and probed and whatever else the Apple Geniuses do when someone brings in a problematic computer.

Everything about his professional focus and action seemed to flow, but in a very structured manner. Like liquid through a straw. And suddenly I wanted him to direct that attention at me.

A second Genius appeared behind him. He said, "Startup trouble?"

"Yeah. I'm checking the hard drive," Jake answered.

The second technician looked at me and smiled. And my stomach jumped. This was the kind of guy I was usually attracted to: the cocky, roughly sexy, hot kind I wanted to grab me by the hair and shove his cock into me hard. I noted his name tag, "Nick," and introduced myself. The way he looked me up and down brought heat rising up in me like a volcano, already simmering from my response to Jake.

Jake continued clicking and finally looked up at me. "The hard drive is fine, which is good, but it's either a memory problem or the operating system is defunct. It might require a reinstallation, which will mean I'll need to back everything up onto another hard drive first."

I nodded, attempting to look like I had a clue what he was talking about. "Right."

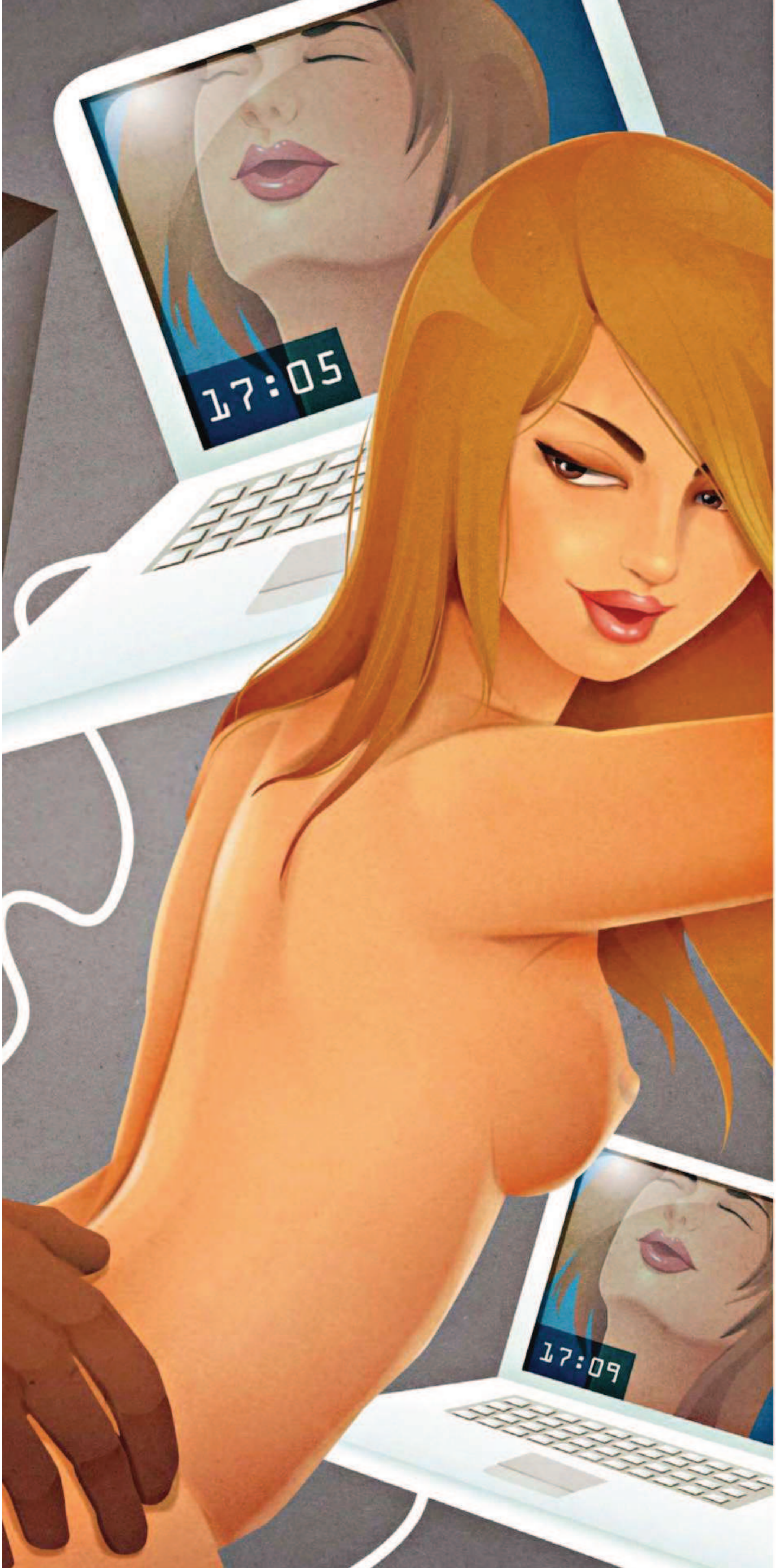
He smiled then. It was the first time he had done so, and I smiled back and shrugged.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. But I'm assuming you do."

He chuckled and reached down to pull out a contraption of some sort and a power cord, hooking it all up with the same efficiency with which he had done everything since I'd started observing him.

Someone sidled up and leaned against the other end of the Genius Bar. "How's it going?" he asked the two behind it. "Busy?"

"Not really," Nick answered. "Stacey here just brought us her non-starting-up MacBook Pro, which Jake has been working diligently on." His flirtatious sarcasm fit precisely with the cocky impression I had of him so far—as well as with the image I still had of him holding me down and slamming his cock into me. I smirked and turned to the new arrival.



"Hello, Stacey. I'm Andrew," he said, offering his hand.

I shook it and batted my eyelashes a bit. "You appear to be a Genius, too," I said, indicating his shirt. He had an outgoing attractiveness about him, and I was starting to feel like I should apply for a job in some capacity at the Apple Store.

"Yeah. I'm not on the clock yet though," Andrew said. "I don't start for another 20 minutes." He sent me a lazy grin. "If they haven't got it figured out by five, I'll take care of it for you."

"It's under control," Jake said, his eyes not leaving the screen.

"Well, I'll just talk to you then until it's time for me to go to work," Andrew said with a wink.

"So is one of you getting ready to leave when Andrew starts?" I asked Jake and Nick.

"Yeah," Nick answered. "I'll be out of here soon."

"And what about you? Are you almost done?"

Jake glanced up. "I'm here until closing. I'm actually going to go out back for my break when I'm done with this."

"Out back?" I couldn't help asking.

"The alley out the back door. It's where Nick and I go for our smoke breaks and Jake goes to get away from people," Andrew laughed. "We seem to be the only ones who ever go out there."

"Your place out back sounds intriguing," I continued. "I guess at least one of you has to be here all the time though, which dashes my idea of a little impromptu gang bang."

Nick and Jake looked up at me in unison. I smiled, and Nick guffawed. All three relaxed as they interpreted my comment as a joke.

My lighthearted smile had been orchestrated for that result—I was just testing the environment. It seemed to me that while they thought I'd been joking, it had caught their interest.

I laughed with them. "So you're about to go on break, Jake; Nick's about to get off work; and you haven't started yet," I said, turning to Andrew. Andrew looked at me. I could tell he was wondering what I was getting at, and I decided to eliminate all suspense. I met his eyes. "So if I went out back, you could all come out one at a time and fuck me."

Jake and Nick, who had both returned to my computer, missed this comment as they talked between themselves. Only Andrew looked at me in disbelief. I gave him a sidelong glance. "Since you seem to be the only one

I let out a breath, arching my back as the sensation and pure dirtiness of what we were doing shot straight to the pit of my stomach.

paying attention at this point, and since you're not on the clock yet, you could go first," I suggested to Andrew. "Don't worry, I have condoms in my purse. Would you be kind enough to show me to your secret outdoor hangout?"

Andrew's expression didn't change, and I felt a twinge of disappointment as I thought he might turn down the offer.

"You really want us to do that?" he finally asked.

"Do you think I'd stand here and ask if I didn't?" I asked with a little laugh. "It even works out well numerically—there are three of you, and there are three places I can think of in which I'd love to be penetrated."

Nick and Jake happened to be at a lull in their own conversation at that moment, and they both looked up with a start, their stares lingering this time.

"You've missed part of the conversation," I said to them. "I was just asking Andrew to show me where to meet you all out back, but I think I can figure it out. I've already invited Andrew to go first. The three of you can decide which one of you gets to fuck my mouth, which one gets my pussy, and which one gets my ass. I'll just run to the drugstore over there and pick up lube." I smiled at my practicality under the circumstances. I turned to Andrew. "So I'll meet you out back in about five minutes. And if you decide you're not interested," I added to the group at large, "no hard feelings."

After completing the requisite trip to the drugstore, I passed by the Apple Store, stealing a glance inside. Jake and Nick were side by side behind the counter, apparently still working on my computer. Andrew was missing.

I walked to the mall exit closest to the store. I pushed through one of the double metal doors and let it slam behind me. I saw Andrew immediately, standing against the wall beside a single gray door, smoking a cigarette. He turned and saw me. He appeared nervous, but all I felt at that point was horny. The back of the building was vacant except for the two of us.

He turned to me as he dropped his cigarette and crushed it out with his boot. I didn't break stride until I was touching him, my lips devouring his, the smell of cigarette smoke fresh in the cold fall air. His arms wrapped around me, his hands roaming from my ass up to my neck, and through my hair.

"So where are you going to fuck me?" I whispered, my voice slightly hoarse with wanting.

Andrew sucked in his breath, and I reached down and felt the hard cock beneath his zipper. "Your pussy," he whispered.

Somehow this choice didn't surprise me. Wishing I had worn a skirt, I quickly unfastened my jeans and pushed them down, stepping out of them and leaving my boots on. I shimmied out of my panties as well while he watched me.

Andrew gave me a self-conscious grin as he reached for his zipper. His cock sprang out, and I rolled the condom I had extracted from my purse onto it. Then our bodies came together just as my back hit the wall. I raised one leg and he grabbed the back of my thigh and entered me with a thrust.

My head went back and I bit my lip to keep from screaming. I could feel the wetness on my thighs as he pumped into me, breathing heavily and not speaking. I met his eyes, still suppressing the moans wanting to break from my throat, as he pushed his cock into me over and over, his pace increasing as he got closer to orgasm. Finally I pushed my face into his shoulder, letting my scream be muffled by his flesh. His breathing got harsh as he came, pumping with abandon as his body jerked and his hand gripped my shoulder. He pulled out and stared at me, appearing at a loss for words.

"Thank you," I said, giving him a wink.

He smiled, and I smiled back. He moved forward to kiss me quickly, then backed away, lifting his hand in a small wave as he disappeared through the gray metal door. By the time it closed heavily behind him I was pressing my clit, making myself come within seconds of his exit. I was still breathing heavily when the door scraped open again and Jake stepped out, smiling faintly as he met my eyes.

"You look like you're ready to go," he said as he stood before me—straightforward, focused, businesslike. Even under the present circumstances the polish still seemed to be there. It made me just as hot as I had thought it would.

I chuckled breathlessly and found that I was too aroused and out of breath to even formulate words. Jake's expression took on a lustful tenor as he reached down and unbuckled his belt. He undid his pants and pulled his cock out. Without instruction, I knew what part of me he had chosen to penetrate.

I dropped to my knees, taking his cock in my mouth and looking up at him as he drew in a quick breath. Knowing I only had a few minutes, I sucked hard and fast, taking his cock all the way in, growing wetter with every pump. Momentarily I drew back, saliva joining my lips and his cock as I looked up at him.

"I like this a little rough," I whispered. "So if you have no objections, I would be delighted if you would grab my hair and push my head onto your cock when you come."

Jake's cool demeanor almost slipped as his mouth opened slightly and his eyes half closed. I resumed sucking his dick, and he snaked a hand around to the back of my neck. He grunted quietly as he acquiesced, gripping my hair with both hands and shoving my head forward rhythmically as his hot come started to spurt into my mouth. I looked up at him and gripped the base of his cock, stroking as he finished coming, letting it run down my chin and across my lips.

When he was done, I smiled. He did too, coolly, and backed up as he tucked his cock into his pants.

"Thank you," he said, reaching down to help me to my feet. He met my eyes. "You suck one hell of a cock." For the first time, his voice was rough, and I thought I might come at the sound. With a nod, he turned toward the door. "See you inside."

I smiled, still breathless with arousal. Which was good, since I was about to get my ass fucked. I pulled a tissue out of my purse to clean the come off my face, then reached down

for the bag from the drugstore and pulled out the bottle of lube.

Nick emerged from the door moments later. “Hi,” he said. “Your computer’s almost ready.”

I nearly laughed as I realized I had almost forgotten about my computer—the reason I was here.

Nick stepped toward me. Rather than the understated confidence and professionalism of Jake, or the charming, slightly nervous appreciation of Andrew, Nick exuded cockiness, the kind that usually made me salivate.

“So my understanding is that I get to fuck your ass,” he said.

“That’s right.” I held up the bottle of lube.

“Well, I certainly appreciate that,” Nick said, moving closer to me. “I haven’t fucked anyone’s ass for a long time. I sure didn’t think I’d get the chance when I came to work today.”

“What a lovely coincidence.” During this exchange I’d pulled another condom from my purse and torn it open, and he’d already freed his cock from his jeans. I looked down and slid the condom on, then glanced back up at him before turning around and planting my palms against the wall.

Nick made an approving noise as I felt him move closer to me. I heard the bottle of lube flip open, and then I felt Nick’s cock nudging between my ass cheeks, stopping before he penetrated me.

“I don’t know how used to this you are, so I’ll take my cues from you,” he said. His voice was tight with arousal. I nodded, slowly pushing myself around the head of his cock and inching my way back against him until he was all the way inside my ass. I let out a breath, arching my back as the sensation and just the pure dirtiness of what we were doing shot straight to the pit of my stomach. I moved slowly toward the wall, then back up against him. He slid his cock in and out of my ass slowly as I set the pace. When I was ready, I turned my head.

“Okay,” I whispered. “You can go ahead now.”

Nick pushed into me firmly, reaching down once to slap my ass as he took me from behind. I gasped with pleasure and met his strokes until I heard him grunt through clenched teeth and knew he was coming. He gripped my hips, and I felt the wetness again between my thighs as he climaxed into me.

Nick surprised me then by reaching around in front of me with his right hand and finding my clit, stroking me there delicately as he pulled out of my ass and held me in place by my hip. I moaned, unable to keep quiet as he made me come, smacking my ass once again as he pressed firmly against my clit with his fingers.

I turned with a surprised smile. “Thank you.”

He grinned. “Oh, thank you.” He winked at me as he refastened his pants, then watched as I gathered my jeans and panties.

“You can go ahead,” I told him. “I’ll be right in.”

I pulled my clothes on and entered through the door from which I had exited. I stopped at the restroom to clean up, then headed back to the Apple Store. I went straight to the Genius Bar, where Jake and Andrew now stood huddled over my laptop. Nick was preparing to depart. Andrew saw me first and smiled shyly. Jake looked up then as well, his penetrating gaze resting on mine.

“How’s it going?” I asked casually.

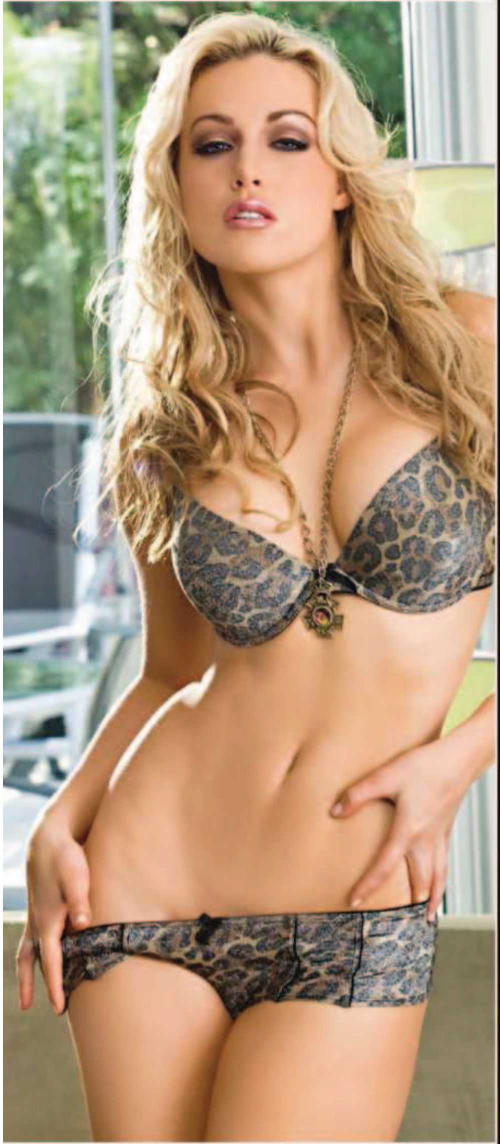
“We’re running a test on it now, and that should take care of it. Should be done in just a second,” Jake said.

“Don’t let that stop you from coming back to see us anytime there’s anything we can do for you, though,” Nick said with a grin.

My chuckle was a little breathless. I wasn’t sure how I would be handling the temptation to do exactly that as I accepted my laptop from Jake and slipped it back into my briefcase. I thanked the three of them and felt them watching me as I turned toward the exit.

As I approached it, I smiled as I recalled the direness I had felt about being without my computer upon entering the store an hour before. Forty-five minutes later I found myself wondering what might next go wrong with the computer I carried at my side. Amazing what those Geniuses can do.

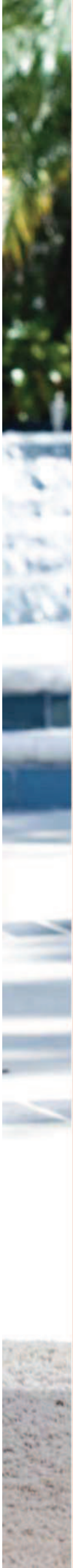
“Shift Change” by Emerald, from *Best Women’s Erotica 2010,* edited by Violet Blue. Published by Cleis Press, 2010.



coed confessions

We were lucky enough to publish Kayden Kross's first nude photos, in February 2006, and happy to name her our Pet of the Month in September 2008. Now the 24-year-old psychology major is on the adult-entertainment A-list, and still working on her degree.

Photographs by Charles Lightfoot



"I love the adult industry. I think it's important for women to have the opportunity to express their sexuality. We've been repressed for so long!"

> “The first time I had sex, we almost got caught. It’s funny to think that I ended up working in porn after that!”

> "If I'm ever going to get caught masturbating, I want it to be by the pizza guy. He could join in!"

“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love is in a car while driving down the freeway. Luckily, there weren’t many other cars around, because it’s hard to drive while you’re getting off.”

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Cheating Sex

Penthouse Features

We all know it's not cool to cheat, but sometimes you just can't help yourself. In the case of our star (Randy Spears), he has to cheat on everyone just to keep his head above water. Randy hooks up with hot blondes Kylee Reese and Angelina Ashe in two separate scenes; director Cash Markman captures the multiply pierced Kylee's butt-bouncing cowgirl session with an ass man's appreciative eye. Angelina also fares well in her scene, where Spears begins with some kinky foot and leg worship, then cranks things up by diving between her thighs. Along the way to that finale, you'll also meet Randy's adulterous friends (Charles Dera and Tanya James in a hot boss/secretary scenario), a pair of like-minded swindlers (Steven St. Croix and cover girl Juelz Ventura, who was featured in our April issue; she's definitely a lady to keep an eye on), and a murderous married man and his mistress (Rocco Reed and Brooke Banner). This is a dark one, with plenty of dramatic twists between the fucking and sucking.

Above: Juelz Ventura and Steven St. Croix
Right: Kylee Reese and Randy Spears

By Johnny Bronx

SEX DRIVEN

Penthouse Features

Professional race-car driver Tom Reese (Marcus London) is one of several high-octane adrenaline junkies who find other, more erotic ways to get their rocks off. Tom starts by banging his sponsor's wife, the wankable and bankable Monique Alexander, who shows off her erotic chops in more ways than one. Then *Sex Driven* takes a detour into *Eyes Wide Shut* territory as the players find themselves at a decadent costume party where the entrees aren't just served up on platters. Alanah Rae, Kiera King, and curvy cutie Aiden Starr are three of those delicacies, performing increasingly dirty acts for the partygoers' viewing pleasure. The orgy breaks off into two hot vignettes when Kiera takes a mighty pounding from Marcus while Alanah works her magic on Randy Spears. The sex-club gambit is unexpected, to be sure, but ultimately helps keep this story of sexual thrill seekers on track.

FETISH FUCKING

Penthouse Variations

These five otherwise unconnected tales of kinky sex are all intriguingly presented in terms of the sexual paraphilia that drive them. Agalmatophilia (an erotic attraction to mannequins), for example, is brought to life by Crista Moore, a stunning little fuck monkey who takes a dicking from a horny photographer in a window display. The most arousing scene involves—I kid you not—death row. Inked and incredible Mason Moore shines as a woman who gets off on conjugal visits to condemned hubby Danny Mountain; their scene not only turns the stale old "women in prison" movie on its head, it serves up the most twisted tale here. Mason sends her man to walk the last mile in the best way possible. Foot fetishes, public sex, and vampirism also find their way into this unusually fascinating fuck flick.

Above left: Monique Alexander and Marcus London
Above right: Crista Moore

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HOTDOGGING

Allison hates baseball, so I was surprised when she said she wanted to come to a game with my buddies and me. Once we got there, she had no interest in what was going on, and for the most part bitched about being bored or texted her friends. After the seventh-inning stretch, though, she took an interest—in the food.

"I want a hot dog," she whined as soon as the players took the field again. I told her to go get one, but she wouldn't go without me, and she refused to wait till the game was over.

We fought the crowd in the stands and made our way toward the hot-dog stand—but we never got there. As we were passing the men's bathroom, Allison grabbed my hand and dragged me inside. It was mostly deserted, and she pulled me into the stall at the end. Apparently I'm clueless, because as she locked the door I said, "I thought you wanted something to eat."

"I do," she said. "They just aren't offering what I want."

Then she was on the floor, on her knees, and my pants were coming down. I didn't bother asking her any more questions. She wouldn't have been able to answer anyway, since her mouth was full of *my* hot dog.

She gobbled my dick like a hungry fan would a ballpark frank. Inch by inch, she sucked my hardening cock into her mouth, her lips working tantalizingly over the engorged flesh. Soon she had my dick down her throat and her lips were pressed against my pubes. Then she started bobbing back and forth, her mouth fucking my cock as though it were her cunt. I couldn't believe this was happening in the dingy stadium bathroom.

The amount of suction was incredible, and the way her moist lips and wet tongue traveled up and down my shaft drove me crazy. I love Allison's blowjobs almost more than her fucking, and to have her on her knees in the middle of a ball game, with people coming in and out of the bathroom the whole time, was fuckin' hot! And Allison's not really all that wild, so for her to drag me in there and go down on me when there was a chance we could get caught took a lot of guts. That thought fired me up even more, and as I imagined all the people outside the stall with no idea what was going on behind the grimy gray door, I started fucking my girlfriend's mouth.

I was only inches from the door, and the more I pumped my cock into Allison's hungry hole the closer I got to bumping into it and alerting the other guys in the bathroom that something was going on. The closer I got to coming, though, the less I cared. I went crazy, hammering in and out of Allison's mouth, my balls bumping her chin. She was going at it just as enthusiastically, and she had one hand pumping my shaft while the other alternated between fondling my balls and grabbing my ass. The sensations were intense and I knew I wasn't going to last, but I had a feeling that was Allison's intention.

After another couple of minutes of amazing oral fucking, I couldn't hold back any longer. I filled Allison's mouth, and she swallowed every drop I gave her, licking her lips with satisfaction when she finally pulled away from my cock.

Soon her mouth was fucking my cock as though it were her cunt—all in the dingy stadium bathroom.

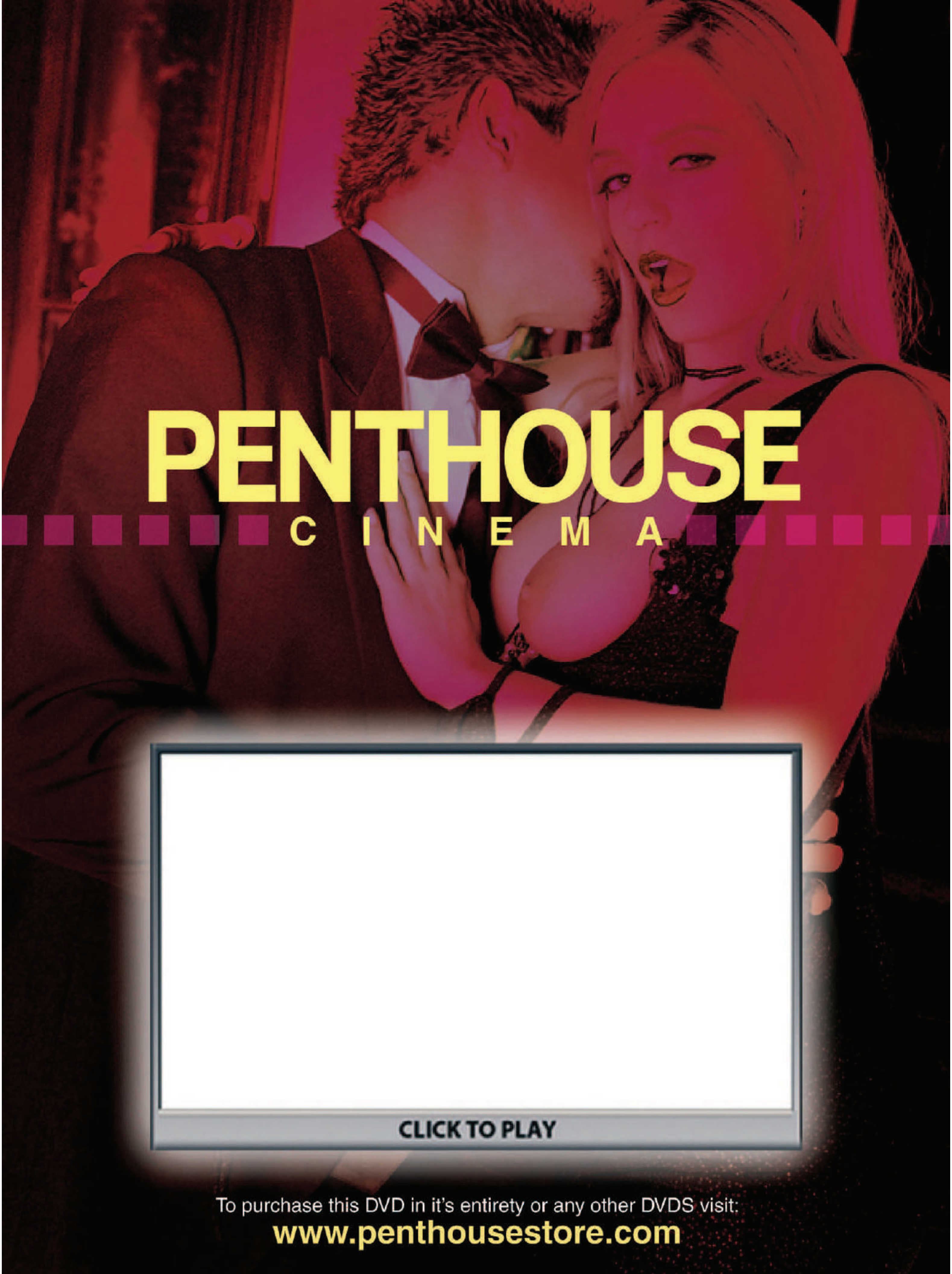
We snuck back out of the bathroom, stopping only to buy a soda from the hot-dog stand we'd been aiming for earlier. When we returned to our seats, none of my buddies seemed surprised by how long we'd been gone. They just assumed we'd been stuck in a line. "Yeah, something like that," I said.

You can bet I'll never look at baseball the same way again.—*G.S., Texas*

MEET THE PARENT

I was sure Julie had said she wanted me to come with her to meet her parents at dinner on Friday night. I'd even made a note of it on my phone's calendar. But she wasn't answering my calls, and when I arrived at her parents' house, it looked like no one was home. I wanted to leave, but I manned up and rang the bell.

The woman who answered the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door was hot—and I don't mean run-of-the-mill hot. This woman was smokin'. I told her I was looking for the Darling house. I thought I had the wrong address, but she turned out to be Julie's mother. She didn't look old enough to have a 23-year-old daughter, or like she had kids at all. She was toned and tanned, and her olive skin and long coffee-colored hair were stunning. *No wonder Julie's so fuckin' hot,* I thought. *It's in her genes*.

I told Mrs. Darling—sorry, Laura, that's what she wanted me to call her—that I was there for dinner, and she seemed surprised. "Oh, sweetie, I think that's next Friday." I pulled out my phone to point to the date on my calendar, but it turned out she was right. I'd clicked the wrong date earlier.

"Julie's still out of town," she reminded me. "As is my husband." I opened my mouth to apologize, but Laura wasn't done. "You might as well come in for dinner, though, since you drove all the way out here." She didn't let me decline, just led me into the house and toward the kitchen.

It looked like she'd already started making dinner, and as soon as she sat me down at the table, she went back to work for a few minutes. I watched her closely as she chopped and stirred. Her ass was tight, and I liked the way her hips swayed as she moved around the kitchen. Her tight pants and T-shirt made it easy to ogle her, too.

I fucked Laura hard from the beginning, and the table shook beneath us as our bodies slapped together.

She'd just finished getting everything in the oven when she turned to join me at the table. But she turned more quickly than I was anticipating, and caught me staring at her ass. She raised an eyebrow and asked if I had enjoyed the view. I panicked.

"No," I shouted. "Absolutely not, no." But then I realized what I was saying. "I mean, yes, very much, but not, *ummm*..." I had no idea what the right answer was.

"I think you were," Laura said. "In fact, I'm sure of it." She saw my look of panic. "It's okay," she assured me. "All of Julie's boyfriends have done it. It's flattering, really."

I was listening to every word she said, I really was, but now that she was facing me, I couldn't stop staring at her tits. They were round and perky, and they looked firm. Her nipples were poking through her bra and T-shirt, and I thought they looked tasty, too. It was impossible to look away, and when I heard a toe tapping on the floor, I glanced up and saw Laura staring at me with a wicked grin. She'd caught me checking her out. Again. This time, though, instead of saying anything about it, she walked over to me, leaned down, and kissed me. Her kiss was so hot it practically burned, and her hands immediately went to my chest to unbutton my shirt. For a split second I considered pushing her away, but that thought passed quickly as Laura's tongue thrust between my lips and into my mouth.

I gave in to her kiss just as she pulled away. I figured she'd finally realized what she was doing, but when she stood up, she didn't leave or start apologizing—she took off her clothes. I watched, dumbfounded, as she stripped, and when she was naked she hopped up on the kitchen table and lay back. "Let's go," she demanded. "We have to hurry or dinner will burn."

This time I reacted a lot faster. When a hot woman gets naked for you, you don't turn her down. I stripped out of my clothes and climbed on top of Laura. Her cunt was drenched and my dick was rock-hard, so I aimed at her slit and thrust.

Laura wasn't tight, but she was warm and wet, and I was able to thrust deep on the first stroke. I fucked her

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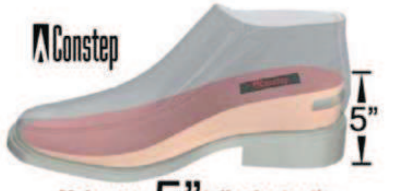

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LIFE ON TOP

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hard from the beginning, and the table shook beneath us as our bodies slapped together. Laura wasn't passive, either; she rocked her hips up to meet mine with each thrust. Our strokes matched almost perfectly, and the more we screwed, the more in-sync we became. Soon enough we had built up a fast and furious pace, and we were fucking so hard that sweat ran down my face.

I was ready to come, and when Laura shouted out the arrival of her own climax, I let loose. My dick shot off like a fireman's hose, filling her cunt with what felt like gallons of come. Then it was done and Laura was rolling me over so she could hop off the table, get dressed, and finish making dinner.

She acted like nothing had happened between us as she served me, and when she was seated across from me—at the table we'd just fucked on, no less—she asked me about my job and my relationship with Julie. After dinner, I thanked her for the delicious meal and waved good-bye, saying I'd see her next week.

At dinner the following Friday, no one had any idea what had happened between me and Laura. Julie was thrilled with how well we got along. "Usually guys spend all night staring at my mom, probably imagining what it'd be like to fuck her," she told me. If she only knew.—*Name and address withheld*

ALL ABOARD

My husband and I were floating down the river, our paddles raised as we looked for a place to park our kayaks and camp out for the night. Then we saw a woman on the shore, soaking wet, no one else in sight. We paddled over to make sure she was okay. She said her name was Lisa and that her kayak had tipped when she was passing through the rapids we'd just come through. Her camping gear had fallen out and floated downriver. She was soaking wet, hungry, and alone.

"Why don't you stay with us for the night and we'll help you get back in the morning?" John suggested. Lisa thanked him and agreed.

Over hot dogs and beans, we got to know one another, and it was clear that John was attracted to Lisa. So was I. And from the way she was behaving, it seemed that she was attracted to us as well. Still, we didn't know her and didn't want to scare her off, so we both refrained from putting the moves on her.

When it was time to go to sleep, we zipped our sleeping bags together to make one big bed that the three of us could squeeze into. Luckily, our capsized cutie had no issues with our unique take on hospitality. In fact, she seemed excited to be hopping into bed with us!

The three of us slipped into the sleeping bag, John in the middle, and almost instantly we were fooling around. I began caressing John's leg as I cuddled against him, and the next thing I knew my fingers brushed against Lisa's, tracing the same path on his other leg. She looked up in surprise when our hands brushed against each other, obviously fearing my reaction, but when I smiled and licked my lips teasingly, she went right back to what she had been doing.

Before long, we had our hands in John's shorts and were alternating strokes on his dick. That's when John finally reached out to squeeze our tits.

The sleeping bag was a bit difficult to move around in, so while Lisa continued stroking my husband, I crawled out and unzipped it. With more freedom to move about, things got really good! Lisa and John got into a sixty-nine and I switched between them, spending a few minutes sucking John's balls while Lisa blew him, then moving to lick Lisa's ass while John ate her pussy. After they both came, we changed our approach.

Lisa sheathed John's cock in her cunt and I ground my pussy against her face while she rode my husband.

This time, I sucked John until he was hard again, and Lisa ate my cunt. When John was ready, I moved up his body and settled into place over his head, my pussy hovering above his mouth, while Lisa climbed aboard his cock and sank down until he was sheathed in her cunt. Then I ground my pussy against his face as Lisa rode his cock. And since Lisa and I were facing each other, we were able to suck each other's tits and tweak each other's nipples. At one point, I even grasped the base of John's dick and held him in place so Lisa could fuck him even harder. Eventually we all came and, satisfied, covered ourselves with the sleeping bag once more and finally went to sleep.

In the morning, as promised, John and I guided Lisa down the river to her final stop and continued on without her. The rest of our trip was great, but nothing beat that night with the stranded sexpot.—*R.G., Pennsylvania*

ITALIAN STALLION

When Holly invited me to dinner with her "hot Italian friends," I knew better than to get my hopes up. Our tastes

were similar, but she'd had so many hot Italian friends show up since she'd moved back to the States that I was sure she'd have run out by now. She hadn't. I couldn't stop ogling Giuseppe.

He spoke only very basic English, and the only phrase I knew in Italian translated to "the cheese is too soft," so we could hardly talk. Still, I couldn't help being attracted to him, and I knew he was flirting with me, even if I couldn't understand a word he said.

At the end of the night, as Holly was rounding up the friends who were going back to her place, Giuseppe pulled me aside and asked if I wanted to go back to his hotel. It was the only thing he'd said all night that I understood on the first try. And of course I said yes.

Back at his hotel, there was no need to talk at all. Once we were alone in his room, we ripped off each other's clothes. I turned and led him to the bed, pushed him down on the mattress, and straddled him, planting kisses on his lips, neck, and chest as I tried to get closer to him.

A moment later, he flipped me onto my back and took charge. His hands traveled up and down the curves of my body, and his touch made me melt. I was moaning, and I felt like I had to have him soon or I'd go absolutely insane with lust. He was murmuring to me in Italian, and I had no idea what he was saying, but when I felt his fingers on my cunt, it didn't matter.

He teased my lips with his fingertips, then probed between them, going deep inside my pussy. When he had two digits all the way in, he groaned, and after he pulled them out, he licked them with delight, slurping up my juices in the most erotic display I'd ever witnessed. It turned me on even more, and I wanted to come more than anything.

Giuseppe sensed my desire—or maybe he acted on his own desire—and guided his cock into me. I was surprised by how thick it was and how full I felt. When he started to move inside me, the sensations only got better. His movements weren't fast and hard, but rather smooth and fluid, and it was like no other sexual experience I'd had in my life.

He fucked me thoroughly, and I felt the tingling sensations all through my body as I got closer to climax. I felt like I wasn't doing enough to please him, but when I looked up through my heavy-lidded eyes, Giuseppe had an ecstatic look on his face and he was glistening with sweat, always a good sign in the bedroom. When I finally came, my climax was earth-shattering. I was barely over the first wave of ecstasy when Giuseppe orgasmed, his dick throbbing between my pussy lips and filling me with his hot come. I rode wave after wave of pleasure, my orgasm not subsiding until Giuseppe pulled out of me several long minutes later.

I climbed out of bed on wobbly legs, dressed, and said good night. Nothing came of my one-night stand with Giuseppe—nothing but amazing sex and a powerful orgasm. And that's all I wanted.—*J.G., New York*

PAINT BALLING

I'd just flung paint at John when he retaliated by rolling a thick purple stripe up my arm. We were trying to paint the living room in our new apartment, but there was more paint on us than on the walls. We were having too much fun. When he turned around again, I leaned over with my brush to try to paint his face, but he caught me and grabbed me, pulling me into him and kissing me. My paintbrush fell from my hand, and as soon as John let go of the roller, we started to take off each other's clothes. Apparently painting got us hot and bothered!

He fucked me thoroughly, and I felt the tingling sensations all through my body as I got closer to climax.

We stripped each other slowly, throwing our clothing across the room among the drop cloths and paint cans. As our hands trailed over each other's bare skin, we left streaks of paint behind. Soon we were on the floor, lying between discarded brushes and paint spills, kissing passionately and fondling each other. John rolled us over so he was on top and thrust a finger inside my pussy and tickled my clit until I was wet enough to be penetrated. Then he guided his cock to my hole and pushed inside.

The first few thrusts were slow and easy, but as we continued to move together he went faster, pumping harder. I thrust against him as best I could, making our fucking even more frenzied. Our bodies shifted this way and that on the floor, knocking into paint trays and rolling onto brushes. My hands were kneading John's ass, my feet trailing up and down his legs as he thrust into me. It felt fantastic to let loose in our new apartment for the first time. It didn't matter that we didn't have a bed or furniture yet, or that we were in the middle of a purple-and-gray-splattered mess. We were christening the apartment.

We fucked for what seemed like ages, tickling and teasing each other

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whenever we shifted position. I liked it most when John knelt between my legs and pulled me into his lap so he could fondle my tits while we screwed. When he paused to suck one of my nipples, I went wild. Nothing makes me come faster than having a mouth on my tits. I bucked against him as he sucked one tit and then the other, knowing that if he started thrusting again, I'd come. He teased me as long as he could, but finally he released my nipple from between his lips and thrust into me furiously, his balls slapping loudly against my ass. It took only a minute before I exploded. I came hard, my excited pussy grabbing his cock and squeezing until he came, too.

When we finally got up off the floor, we were covered in paint. There were purple handprints on my tits and gray speckled fingerprints on John's ass, not to mention the streaks and Rorschach-style paint blots all over the rest of our bodies. We looked ridiculous, but great sex is worth that. I can only imagine what the neighbors thought when they saw us leave.—*J.J., California*

I liked it most when John knelt between my legs so he could fondle my tits while we screwed.

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Maid in Heaven

We've celebrated the cheerleader and the flight attendant in this issue, making this the perfect time to recognize another favorite fantasy figure: the French maid. She's embodied here by the lovely Lilly Ann, who is so sexy wielding her feather duster that we're consumed by daydreams in which she's cleaning every inch of us.

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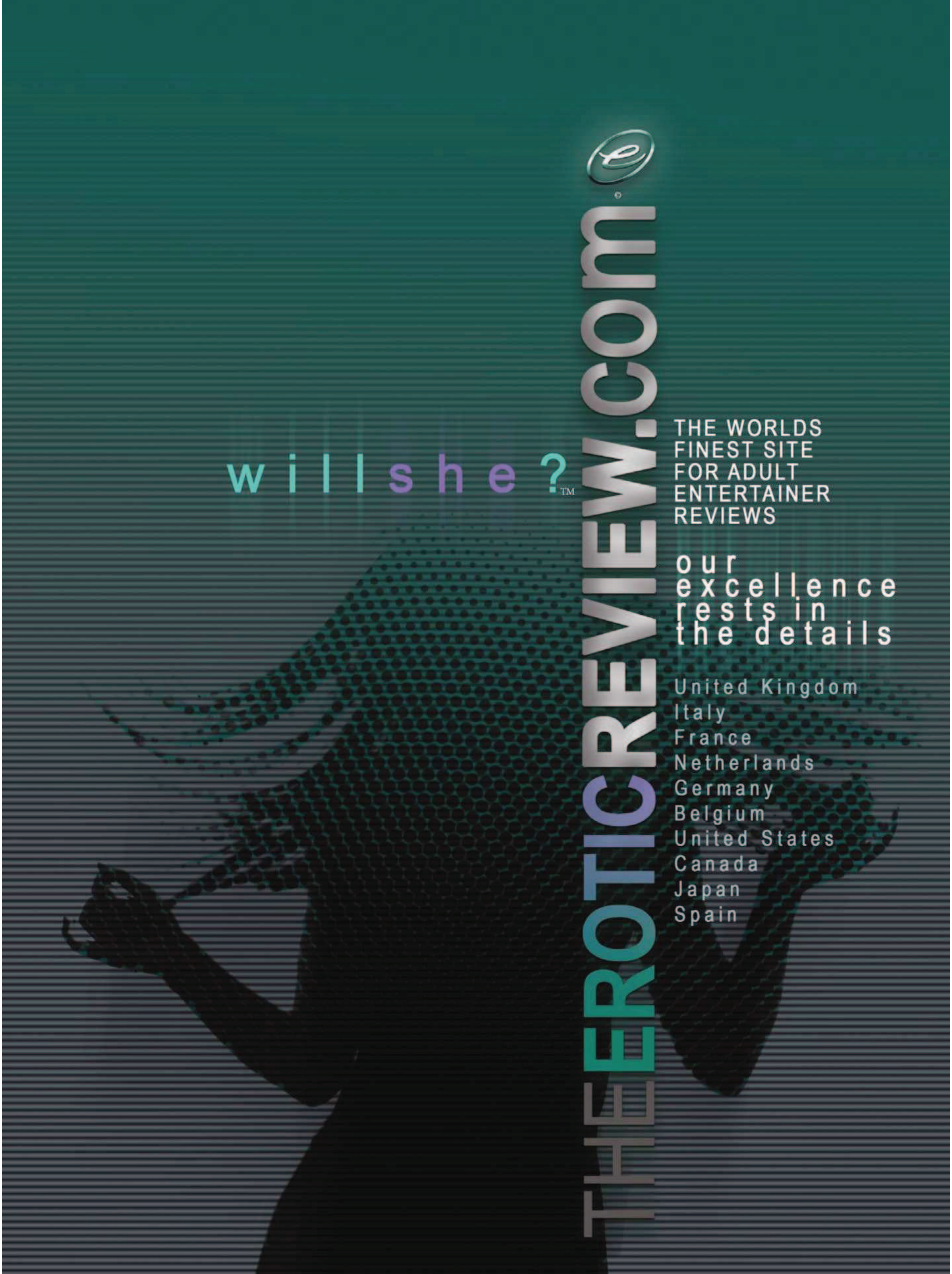
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